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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

**Old and New Paris. Its History, its People,
and its Places.**

Illustrated. Complete in Two Vols. Cloth gilt,
9s. each ; or gilt edges, 10s. 6d. each.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, London;
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

Author of "Old and New Paris," "The Russians at Home," "The Germans in France," etc. etc.



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THE
JEWISH
MAGAZINE

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

The Flint and Steel Age—Recorded in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*—How the Polka came in—The Moustache Movement—Cabs, Omnibuses, and the "Glass Coach"—East and West—The Opera of those Days—The Theatre, Then and Now—Sir Augustus Harris and Two of His Productions—How the Prince of Wales was converted and M. Jean de Reszke convinced.

THERE was a time when percussion caps, lucifer matches, daguerreotypes, and electro-plating were novelties—and what more attractive novelties for boys than lucifer matches and percussion caps! Both were wonderful, and you got with the one invention a sudden light, with the other a sudden snap. How much, before the introduction of lucifer matches, was expected from flint and steel!—in connection with gunpowder for destructive purposes, with tinder for kindling the domestic fire. A spark from the flint and steel ignited the tinder in the tinder-box, and then in the smouldering tinder a sulphur match was lighted. It was a lengthy process. Much clipping of steel upon flint, or of flint upon steel, was sometimes heard before any result was obtained.

In Meyerbeer's *Prophète* there is a passage

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in which this primitive method of striking a light is expressed in characteristic music. It must be quite lost on the present generation. But in 1849, when *Le Prophète* was first produced, there could have been no lover of music to whom the clashing of flint and steel was not, at least by recollection, a familiar sound.

There was a time, too, when the "polka" was unknown. It was introduced in the year 1846, and its invention was attributed to a Bohemian nobleman. The identity of this magnate was never revealed. But it was a good idea to bring forward a Slavonian dance in double time side by side with the all-engrossing German waltz in triple time. The polka rhythm was new, and the music written to it was well marked and effective. At London theatres the polka was introduced into every imaginable piece, and it was danced at the Opera by the famous Cerito and St. Leon, her husband.

Of course, too, it was made the subject of a few farces.

It invaded and permanently occupied not one country alone, but simultaneously the whole of Europe; evidently supplying a great European want. The "original polka" was offered for sale in every music-shop, together with an infinite number of unoriginal ones. At Vienna, its probable birthplace, there was the same passion for the new dance as at Paris and in London; and the best music written for it

was from the pen of the famous John Strauss the First, father of the composer of “The Blue Danube”—John Strauss the Second.

The next social change was in connection with moustaches. The moustache was, even in the French army, very little worn until after the wars of the Republic and the First Empire. Géricault’s “Cuirassier,” in the Louvre, has no moustache, nor have the infantry soldiers in Horace Vernet’s picture of the “Barrière d’Enfer,” in 1814. It was at first limited to certain cavalry regiments, especially regiments of hussars, who with the Hungarian uniform assumed the Hungarian moustache. It was not until the time of the Restoration that the wearing of the moustache was permitted to officers of all arms, nor until the reign of Louis Philippe that it became general and obligatory for the whole French army.

In England, after the peace of 1815, the moustache was worn by hussars, if not by the cavalry generally; and a friend of mine, who once commanded a regiment of hussars, tells me that it used to be the rule for every hussar to wear a black moustache, and that those who had by nature neither a black moustache nor a fair one which they could dye were required to paint the semblance of a black moustache on their upper lip. Uniformity above all things!

At the time of the Crimean War the moustache was worn by the English cavalry in

general, but not by infantry ; and for some few years after the Crimean War, when moustache wearing had become general in the Army, civilians who wore moustaches were thought to be aping the military air.

Englishmen who lived abroad wore moustaches on the Continent, but usually shaved them off on returning to England.

Not many years after the Crimean War Robert Brough wrote an amusing farce, called *The Moustache Movement*, based on the general spread of the new fashion. It was not, however, until after it had ceased to be exceptional in London that the provinces took to it. Horace Mayhew, passing about this time through some small country town, in a distant and facetious part of England, was followed by a mob of children, who, pointing to his large and well-kept moustache, called out :

“ He’s got whiskers under his snout ! He’s got whiskers under his snout ! ”

The beard movement and the moustache movement advanced side by side, and numbers of railway-men took to wearing beards. Leech published in *Punch* a picture of two primitive old ladies who, undertaking a railway journey, and finding themselves accosted by bearded guards and ticket-collectors, exclaimed : “ Take all we have, gentlemen, but spare our lives ! ”

Hansom cabs were introduced slowly, and I cannot say in what year ; but for a long time

it was considered unbecoming for a lady to ride in one. The reason for this requires a few words of explanation.

There was a time—hard to imagine, difficult to realise—when London was without omnibuses. It was also in those days without suburbs, and its population was about one-fifth of what it is now. I myself can remember the time when no omnibus charged less than sixpence, for however short a distance. The rival omnibus-drivers fought for passengers, they raced, they loitered when passengers did not come; and they sometimes seized upon timid pedestrians, took possession of them, and drove them off in their omnibuses in spite of themselves.

Before the invention of omnibuses the East End and the West End of London were like two separate towns. Those who had business to transact in the City went there in cabs; but there was very little communication between the two extremities. The cabs of which I have just spoken were the queerest vehicles imaginable. They were in shape like the ancient cabriolet, from which their name proceeds. But the driver could not be allowed to sit side by side with his fare, as in the ancient cabriolet the servant sat side by side with his master; and for the cab-driver a separate compartment, just big enough to hold him, was affixed to the side of the cab. It was awkward for driving, and ugly to behold.

Ladies did not use these cabs. They were

out of everything. No lady was admitted into a restaurant, nor into the coffee-room of an hotel, nor into an hotel at all if travelling by herself. Ladies who, in the middle of the day, were kept from home by the pleasures and pains of shopping went for lunch to pastrycooks' shops, where they got indigestion by eating raspberry tarts, three-cornered jam puffs, and bath buns. Jam tarts and three-cornered puffs were at that time the elements, if not the sole constituents, of English pastry; and excellent they were if made at the best shops—Farrance's, for instance, in Spring Gardens, long since departed. Rather deadly, perhaps, for the feeble stomach; but boys could eat them by the half-dozen, and feel all the better for it.

In families where no carriage was kept ladies going out for the evening had to take what was called a “glass coach.” I was much puzzled as a child by the name. There was a good deal of glass in the Lord Mayor's coach, also in the Queen's coronation carriage; but they were not called “glass coaches.” Why was an ordinary carriage with no glass in it, except at the windows, called a glass coach? I found the answer to the riddle in Russia, where for the first time I saw carriages—generally travelling carriages—with no glass at all in their composition, not even in the windows, which were left entirely open. The coaches with glass at the windows were, to distinguish them from

the coaches without glass, called “glass coaches”; in French “*voitures à verre*.”

The “glass coach” was, I fancy, superior to the “fly,” which survives even to this day. The former, I think, came from a livery stable; the latter from a public stand.

A lady living alone in apartments could not in those days receive a visit from a gentleman; still less could a gentleman living alone receive a lady in his rooms. His landlady would have wanted to know what he meant by it, and would probably have requested him to observe that her house was “respectable.”

Since the Great Exhibition of 1851, when England for the first time entered into intimate relations with the Continent, we have borrowed from abroad many things that were worth adopting, with some which might just as well have been left alone. The admission of women into cabs was accomplished through the introduction of four-wheelers, those imitations of the respectable fly and of the almost fashionable glass coach; but once in the four-wheeler she had to stay there. When the hansom cab was invented—“hansom safety cab” it used to be called, though it is the only cab that often brings the horse down, and now and then gets completely upset—when the hansom was introduced long years passed before women were allowed to make use of it. There was a sort of reason for this. In the first place, it made

them look conspicuous. Then the first women who, whatever people might think of it, insisted on taking hansoms, were the most unconventional, the most daring, the fastest of their sex. This for a time made quiet women a little shy of the hansom.

We have seen the same thing in these later days with the cycle. The first lady cyclists were as enterprising as the first navigators. "Do anything to get up an excitement, to make yourself talked about," says the Baroness to Frou Frou in Meilhac and Halévy's comedy—"Show yourself on a velocipede in the Champs Elysées," etc. What in the year 1869 was considered eccentric and wild has since become commonplace.

The people of the West know undoubtedly much more of the affairs of the East now than in the days when regular communication between the two extremities had scarcely been established. They have learned much, and invented much; and many of them fancy that even in the City they know their way about. Some thirty years ago I was breakfasting (lunching, that is to say) in Paris with Baron Erlanger, when his head clerk, who was of the party, said to me in a solemn tone: "The English middle classes, sir, have yet to be tapped." They have been tapped considerably since then. "I wonder," some cynical promoter is reported to have said, "where they get all the money we believe them of."

But the effect of close inter-communication between the City and the West End is a difficult subject, with which I do not feel competent to deal.

“Have there been many changes in theatre going,” people ask me sometimes, “since you were a young man?” I should think there had! The only theatres in the West End of London when I first went to the play were Drury Lane and Covent Garden, at which alone Shakespeare could be performed; the Haymarket, a comedy theatre; the Adelphi, where domestic melodrama was given; and Her Majesty’s Theatre, on the site now occupied by Mr. Beerbohm Tree’s theatre, of the same name, where Italian opera was played. During the greater part of the year, from the end of the London season until a few weeks before Easter, Her Majesty’s Theatre remained closed; whether because no one wanted to take it, or because the manager was bound by the terms of his Crown lease to confine himself to operatic performances I am unable to say. It is certain, meanwhile, that the lessee of Her Majesty’s Theatre, or King’s Theatre as it was formerly called, paid a greatly diminished ground rent on the understanding that he was to give representations of Italian opera; and this is the nearest approach known in England to the subvention so general in the case of operatic theatres on the Continent. About the year 1835 the English Opera House and the Princess’s Theatre were built.

The latter derived its name from the Princess Victoria, who in 1837 ascended the throne; the former from the purpose for which it was constructed.

Balfe, who had already composed several successful operas for Italy, and one, *The Siege of Rochelle*, for England, had invested money in it. This he naturally lost; and in time the English Opera House became the Lyceum.

At Her Majesty's Theatre performances were given twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until about the year 1845 Mr. Lumley added a third night, Thursday, which was not included in the subscription, but was made particularly attractive for the general public. The representations of opera and ballet on Thursday evenings began at eight, and lasted till one in the morning. The public had stomach for much longer performances then than they could digest in the present day.

If the opera sometimes finished at one, the Haymarket never concluded its last piece much earlier; and enthusiastic playgoers would sometimes, after leaving the opera towards midnight, go over the way to see the final farce. They went in at half price, and often the most amusing thing in the bill was played at the end. This made the audience stay on, which otherwise those who had come in at seven o'clock might have failed to do.

The most important piece in those days was

played first, and people got to the theatre by seven o'clock in time to see it. Nor did leading actors—Buckstone, for instance—scorn to appear in the farce which brought the curtain down—*la chute du rideau* it might have been called.

The half-price arrangement was very convenient for young men who wanted to dine together first and then go to the play. It cost them at the Haymarket half-a-crown in the best part of the house—the dress circle. It would now cost them ten shillings—in the stalls.

Stalls were the invention of the ingenious Mr. Benjamin Lumley, who doubtless borrowed the idea from the *fauteuils d'orchestre* of the Paris Opera House and of the Théâtre des Italiens. Before his time the highest price paid at Her Majesty's Theatre (apart from private boxes) was eight and sixpence, for admission to the pit; the highest price at Drury Lane and Covent Garden seven shillings, for admission to the dress circle. At the Haymarket the charge for the dress circle was five shillings; and half price began everywhere (except the Opera) at nine o'clock.

At the Opera the nominal price for a seat in the pit was ten shillings, but no one ever paid it. At the office, either in the theatre itself or next door to it, pit tickets were sold publicly for eight and sixpence. Probably the vendors had at the beginning of the season subscribed in advance for a large number at a reduced price.

The pit of the Opera was in those days the

resort of rank, wealth, and fashion. A broad walk through the middle, leading from the entrance to the orchestra, was known as “fops’ alley”; and here congregated the dilettanti, the connoisseurs, the habitués.

What they cared for was less the music than the singing; while to the singing many of them preferred the dancing. To see this latter to all possible advantage men, young and old, deserted the boxes and came down into the pit; which became, therefore, more and more crowded towards the end of the evening.

The operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, were exceedingly well sung by Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. This, at least, was the principal quartet, the quartet for which Donizetti composed *Don Pasquale*, and for which Bellini would have composed *I Puritani*; but that the tenor of that earlier day was Mario’s predecessor, Rubini.

But to return to the question of stalls. Mr. Lumley introduced first a few rows at one guinea a stall; then a few more rows, until at last half the pit had been converted into stalls. This destroyed the character of the pit, which was now frequented exclusively by those who wanted to hear the music.

After a time the example set by the “impresario” of the Opera House was followed by other managers; and everywhere the front rows of the pit were converted into half-guinea stalls.

At the Covent Garden Opera in the present day the whole of the pit is laid out in stalls, and the prices have been raised on special occasions from one guinea to twenty-five shillings, and on extra-special occasions to thirty shillings.

People come to the stalls of a theatre at nine o'clock, fresh from the dinner table; and if they arrive before the curtain-raiser is at an end you hear exclamations and complaints, such as "Hang it, the first piece is not over!" or, "Why did we not have another cigarette?" or, "You might just as well have waited for the coffee!"

In the old days it was scarcely fashionable to go to the play, and few persons went there in evening dress. The theatrical saloon, whose abominations were put an end to by Macready, was a disgusting place, full of fat, leering women in red velvet—scarlet ladies, in fact. Such, at least, is my childish recollection of the Hogarthian scene, as glanced at from the outside.

I do not think the actors and actresses were well paid, and dramatic authors certainly were not. Nor in those days were theatrical people made much of in society; they were scarcely received out of their own set. There was, indeed, such a prejudice against them that an actor had often a difficulty in getting his son accepted at a good school; I could quote examples of this.

Very little money was spent on stage production. Painted calico did duty for silk and satin, spangles for jewellery; it was held and believed

that for stage purposes imitation was better than the real thing. Apart, too, from all theory on the subject, it would have been impossible, with the short "runs" of the time, to spend on the production of a new piece such sums as are lavished on the *mise en scène* of a work which, in case of success, may now be played some 300 or 400 nights.

To Sir Henry Irving above all, but also to the Bancrofts and Kendals, and in a marked degree to the intelligent interest taken in the drama by the Prince of Wales, is due the exceptional and quite unprecedented popularity of theatrical performances in the present day. I am speaking now of their popularity with people of fashion. The general public had always a taste for the theatre, and the number of the theatre-going population is being constantly increased by natural growth and the action of the School Board.

It is unquestionably Sir Henry Irving who has restored in England the taste for Shakespeare. Before his time a stupid belief had somehow grown up to the effect that Shakespeare's plays were too well known to be interesting on the stage.

"If Shakespeare were alive and produced a new piece, we would go with pleasure to see it," I read the other day in a periodical of some merit, published in the year 1848. "But we know *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* by heart,

and," continued the writer, "we would rather sit at home and stare for four hours at a bare wall than see either of them performed."

This article was the work of one of the principal critics of the day, Angus B. Reach, and it certainly expressed the views of a large number of playgoers.

Nine years afterwards, in 1857, the dramatic performances at Her Majesty's Theatre in honour of the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Prussia were tedious indeed, especially the Shakespearian ones, in which Mr. Phelps prominently figured — mediocre acting, poor scenery, inappropriate dresses. I remember some military officers in attendance asking one another what it was all about, and complaining bitterly that "this sort of thing" was given in place of the operatic representations to which they were accustomed, and of which Her Majesty's Theatre was habitually the scene.

Some years later, Chatterton, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, declared publicly, in an apology for the production of bad melodrama, that "Shakespeare spelt ruin." Sir Henry Irving, in successive representations extending over a long series of years, has shown that Shakespearian performances, artistically presented by a great actor (whom a great dramatic singer, Victor Maurel, once described to me as "*Le premier metteur en scène de l'Europe*"), are neither dull, as the critic of fifty years ago declared,

nor ruinous, as the manager of thirty years ago maintained.

The Opera is much more expensive now than it was in the days when it was almost exclusively an entertainment for the aristocracy. But the ballet has disappeared, and people go to the Opera as much for the music as for the singing. Indeed, the present race of subscribers, from the highest downwards, take a genuine interest in the works performed.

When Sir (at that time Mr.) Augustus Harris brought out the *Meistersinger* the Prince of Wales went to him on the stage and said :

“Mr. Harris, what could make you produce this work?”

“I felt that it would be weak on my part,” said Harris, in repeating this conversation to me soon afterwards, “simply to say that I was sorry it did not please the Prince,” and I replied boldly :

“‘Because, your Royal Highness, it is a masterpiece.’

“‘Nothing of the kind,’ said the Prince turning on his heel.

“Some nights afterwards the Prince,” continued Harris, “came to me on the stage again :

“‘Mr. Harris,’ he said, ‘you were quite right. The *Meistersinger* is a fine work. I like it more and more every time I hear it.’”

I may here mention an amusing example of tact on the part of Sir Augustus. Jean de Reszké wished to sing the part of Werther in

Massenet's opera of that name. Harris thought the English public would not care for the work; Jean de Reszké swore that they would, and the manager consented to give it a chance.

To the shame of our opera-goers, Massenet's charming music was not appreciated. Neither was the touching, ultra-sentimental subject to which it is set. At the end of the performance Sir Augustus said to de Reszké:

“Well, you have had your way. *Werther* has been played, and for the present season this one representation will be enough.”

De Reszké, however, insisted on its being played again, and once more Sir Augustus gave in. On the afternoon of the day fixed for the second performance the manager was grieved to find that the seats were not letting at all. There would only be thirty pounds in a house which holds twelve hundred.

Suddenly there arrived from M. de Reszké a messenger bearing a letter. It was a request for a couple of stalls, “if there were any left.”

“Come in here,” said Sir Augustus to the servant who had brought the letter, and he took him to the box office. “Mr. Hall,” continued Sir Augustus, addressing now the principal box-keeper, “Mr. Hall, give me eighty stalls, twenty boxes, and a hundred amphitheatre stalls. Make them up into a parcel, please.”

Then, handing the packet to de Reszké's messenger, Sir Augustus told him to say that if

M. de Reszké wanted twice as many tickets he could have them. Half an hour afterwards Sir Augustus received a telegram informing him that the distinguished tenor was ill, and would be unable to sing that night.

It was no longer necessary for Werther to commit suicide. *Werther* was already dead.

CHAPTER II.

A COUP D'ÉTAT.

A Fateful Morning—Two Kinds of Barricades—The Insurgents—An Incident of the Second Day—What Louis Napoleon said to St. Arnaud.

I HAD gone to Paris to study various things and, wishing to see a revolution, one of the natural products of the period, had told the waiter who attended to my room to call me early if anything of the kind broke out during the night.

“ Seven o'clock, sir; and there is a revolution ! ” cried Louis.

“ What is it all about ? ” I asked.

“ I don't know, sir; but they are drumming all over the place. Troops are marching through the streets, and the National Guard is called out.”

I hurried downstairs to the café of my hotel—the Hôtel Corneille, famous in the Bohemian annals of the Quartier Latin,—and hastily breakfasting glanced at the same time at the *Avènement* of the night before. None of the morning journals had been published; none, at least, had yet been delivered, though they were all overdue. *L'Avènement*, the organ of Victor Hugo, his family, and his friends, with young Gaiffe as dramatic critic (he must be old Gaiffe now),

had been suppressed a week or two before under its original title of *L'Èvènement*; and since its reappearance under its new name it had already received a “first warning” which, under the Press laws of those days, meant that it had only to receive a second warning in order to be liable at any moment to total suppression. Its leading article, without giving any direct information as to the political situation, showed all the same that a critical moment had been reached, for the writer was afraid to venture beyond the merest platitudes, such as—

“Two and two make four.”

“Be good, and you will be happy.”

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

An entire column was made up of proverbs and truisms in the style of the above, the meaning of the whole being that if the writer dared to express any opinion of his own he would have the Government down upon him. Such, indeed, was the journal’s fate, spite of the somewhat impertinent precautions taken to avoid it. Its office had already been occupied, the type and printing press seized.

The proclamations on the walls outside were more instructive than the journals within. They showed at once that no revolution had taken place; but that, on the contrary, a counter-revolutionary blow had been struck. Sneers and insults were directed at the Assembly,

which was to meet no more; while the Army was reminded that since the Revolution of 1848 it had been sadly undervalued, though the time had now come for it to assert itself. These frequent announcements were written less in the "who runs may read" than in the "who reads may run" style; for they agreed in recommending all peaceable, well-disposed persons to get home as soon as possible, and once within doors keep there.

Not considering myself within the category addressed, I walked across the Place de l'Odéon to the Rue de la Seine, and made for the river; where on the left bank, close to the edge of the stream, facing the Louvre, the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde, I saw a long line of infantry soldiers, washing, dressing, blowing their noses, and otherwise preparing for a good day's work.

In the Champs Elysées I found a regiment of dismounted cavalry, their horses tied and tethered beneath the trees, the men sitting on the grass, eating sausages and drinking red wine. This was scarcely so good as the historic "sausages and champagne" with which the Prince President had regaled his troops at the camp of Satory. But it was early in the day; the champagne would perhaps be given to them after the massacre.

On the Boulevard I saw fresh proclamations, newly posted up, from which it appeared that

Prince Louis Napoleon, in the interest of order, menaced by socialism and other dangers, offered the French people a new system of Government; a modified or rather an extended form of Republicanism, based on universal suffrage, with himself as President for the next ten years. A President nominating the Ministers and the Prefects of the Departments, whose officials would control the elections, was sure beforehand of a majority in the Chamber. Most of the peasants, moreover, would vote for him and his candidates of their own accord. They had been terrified by visions, more or less manufactured, of the "Red Spectre of Socialism," and agents had been sent out into their fields to measure the land, as if with a view to its confiscation and redistribution among the landless agitators of the political clubs. Finally, the choice offered to the French people, between Prince Napoleon's new system of government and no government at all, was of the kind associated with the name of Hobson.

With or without an obedient Chamber to pass his laws, to register his decrees, he meant to rule the country as Prince President for the next ten years, or at least until it suited him to promote himself to the rank of Emperor.

St. Arnaud was at the head of the troops; and Canrobert, whom we were afterwards to hear of

in the Crimea, and ultimately in connection with the army of Metz, commanded the cavalry. There were at first no opponents, not at least in organised form; but they were allowed to collect, were indeed stimulated towards doing so, until at last it was found necessary to attack them, and at the same time make a general demonstration with fire and sword against the population of Paris, so that once for all it might feel the hand of its master.

Of the way in which malcontents, when not sufficiently ardent, were stimulated towards resistance I myself witnessed an example. After many inquiries, I had ascertained that a barricade was being built in a street leading out of the Rue Montmartre—the Rue Rochechouart I think it was—and, being unacquainted with this once popular form of Parisian architecture, I hastened to see what the structure was like. It had just been finished, and stretching across the street from wall to wall it consisted of small, dumpling-shaped stones, averaging perhaps a pound or two in weight, such as, for the convenience of insurgents, all Paris used formerly to be paved with. It was some five or six feet high, and sufficiently thick to resist musketry fire. Artillery would have knocked it to pieces in no time, for this was a barricade of an inferior class. The men who had been working at it—there were twenty or thirty of them—

carried muskets, which they now rested, as if to take aim, on the top of the barricade of stones. There was no one, however, to aim at. The number of men who proposed to defend the barricade gradually increased until there were about fifty or sixty of them. Then suddenly a company or two of infantry appeared at some fifty yards' distance, and marched slowly towards the barricade. The crowd of defenders—some armed, others unarmed—showed signs of retiring, when a man, apparently a patriot, called out: "Have you no character, no courage? You wish to resist tyranny, and on the first approach of its myrmidons you take to flight." Touched by this appeal, the workmen out of work, who probably to employ their leisure had knocked up the barricade, turned towards the troops; but seeing them quicken their pace, and at last break into a run, turned away from them and fled. The troops climbed over the barricade cleverly enough, and at once opened fire on the fugitives, killing two or three, and wounding about a dozen.

Never having seen a patriot before—not, at least, in action, though I had heard them talk—I watched carefully the man who had recommended the malcontents, or unemployed, or whoever they were, to stand their ground, and I saw him speak to the officer commanding the troops. Then I understood that it was he who had fetched the

troops, and who had encouraged the barricade makers to remain, in order that they might be fired into and dispersed.

A barricade which I afterwards went to see at the Porte St. Denis was something like one. The St. Denis Gate, a lofty structure, much higher than our Marble Arch or the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, had been blocked with omnibuses and cabs seized and confiscated for the purpose; a few paving-stones being used to fill up the interstices. In the Rue St. Denis, and especially the Rue Faubourg St. Denis, the workmen of the neighbourhood were allowed to collect and prepare for the defence of this formidable construction, which, however, was soon to be knocked to pieces by artillery fire; after which the defenders—serious combatants this time—were slaughtered wholesale.

The most remarkable thing I saw on that day of conflict between the guardians of order and the small minority of insurgents who were powerless to disturb it was the “sweeping” of the boulevards by the fire of a long column of infantry, extending from the Rue de la Paix to the Boulevard Montmartre, where a battery of artillery was posted, which for some unknown reason fired into the workshops and salerooms of Sallandrouze, the carpet manufacturer. All this was done simply to terrorise the inhabitants of Paris, and it had the desired effect. It established once more the Empire, and restored,

in the words of a French general of the year 1870—General Uhrich, Governor of Strasbourg—"that hateful family which in little more than half a century has subjected France three times to the misery of a foreign invasion."

The second day of the *coup d'état*, when the time seemed to have arrived for giving the people of Paris a severe lesson, a friend of mine, a contributor to the *Times* then in Paris, found his part suddenly changed, and from being a mere observer of the tumultuous scene became an actor in it, and very nearly a sufferer.

He was breakfasting with some friends at the house of M. Brandus, the music publisher in the Rue Richelieu, at the Boulevard end, when some excited soldiers just opposite took it into their heads that someone had fired upon them from the windows. They went upstairs, killed a servant who had ventured to remonstrate with them, brought out Brandus, Adolphe Sax, Davison, and others on to the Boulevard, and were about to shoot them when Sax was recognised by the general in command, and after exchanging a few words with him at once obtained the liberation of himself and friends.

Davison in his next letter was able to describe this instructive little episode in the true character of an eye-witness.

The general who had stopped the action of the firing party told his friend Adolphe Sax to get away quickly, as he was about to "sweep"

the Boulevard. He swept it with musketry fire, and soon the great thoroughfare was empty of civilians, except that groups of them were to be seen lying dead and dying on the ground just outside the different carriage entrances and entrances to the courtyards (*portes cochères*) whose doors had been suddenly closed in the face of fugitives struggling to force their way in.

Passing the scene of the massacre a short time afterwards, I saw resting against the wall the body of some functionary wearing his scarf of office ; the very thing, no doubt, that had attracted the soldiers' fire.

St. Arnaud had been to see the Prince President on the morning of the second day, and, after telling him that hostile crowds had collected in various parts of Paris, asked, as commander of the troops, what was to be done. Prince Louis Napoleon, it was said, made an oracular reply—susceptible of two interpretations, but intended to bear only one.

He coughed, exclaimed “*Ma sacrée toux !*” and was silent.

St. Arnaud had understood him to say, “*Massacrez tous,*” and proceeded accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

THACKERAY, CHARLES READE, AND OTHERS.

Savile Morton—Lola Montes—A *Cause Célèbre*—Thackeray on *Madame Bovary*—Thackeray and Turguénéff—Charles Kenney and the “Kickleburys”—Anonymous Reviewers—Charles Reade and his Nephew Winwood—Charles Reade’s Violins—His Plays—The *London Journal*—A Characteristic Letter.

If it be true that a man is known by his friends, there could not have been much the matter with Savile Morton, who enjoyed the intimacy and the esteem of Thackeray and Tennyson. It is now forty-nine long years (as they say in the melodramas) since I first met him at Paris, in the Post Office of the Rue Lafayette. It was the night of the Coup d’État, and he was sending off his letter to the *Daily News* by the seven o’clock despatch. I can see him now, with his fair hair, his blond beard, his genial countenance, his friendly bearing, as he suddenly turned round from a mutual acquaintance with whom he had been talking and said: “My friend here tells me that you have some important news about Lille; please let me hear it.”

I told him that at a house where I had been lunching General Mellinet came in and mentioned, as a report which had just reached him, that the General in command at Lille was collecting

troops from the neighbouring garrisons, and would at once march upon Paris at the head of a hundred thousand men. Morton opened his letter and wrote hurriedly by way of postscript, "The General in command at Lille is said to be marching on Paris at the head of one hundred thousand men."

I begged him not to send such news merely on my authority. But he justly pointed out that he was not sending it on my authority but on General Mellinet's, and that he gave it moreover, only as a rumour.

There was good foundation for the report. Two of the Orleans Princes were to have headed the movement. But they never arrived.

We walked back together towards the Boulevard. The streets were blocked with troops. But the soldiers had killed many men, and were in excellent spirits; and with no serious obstacles in our way we soon found ourselves at the corner of the Rue Faubourg Montmartre, where Morton had ordered dinner at Vachette's, the favourite restaurant of the day. I joined him and passed a most agreeable evening. I was reminded of this and other incidents connected with Morton when, a year or so ago, I met with his name, again and again, in the "Life of Tennyson." That Morton was an intimate friend of Thackeray's I already knew; and I was glad to find that he had been on still better terms with Tennyson,

who, to judge from certain passages in the "Life," entertained for him the warmest friendship.

Two of Morton's letters are introduced in the book. One, describing a tavern dinner which Thackeray had given to Tennyson in London, contains the following:

"Forster, the literary critic of the *Examiner*, Emerson Tennant, M.P., Crowe, an author, and Maclise were of the party. Lever [*sic*], the Irish ballad and story writer, came at the beginning and told Alfred that he was greatly pleased to meet a brother poet, the cool impudence of which amused the party greatly."

The Irishman who claimed Tennyson as a brother poet was not of course "Lever," but "Lover"; and the mistake in spelling the name was certainly not made by Morton.

Charles Lever was no friend of Thackeray's; and after Thackeray had published a burlesque imitation of Lever's style in his "Modern Novelists," he was himself caricatured most offensively in one of Lever's novels as "The Rev. Elias Howl." Samuel Lover, on the other hand, was one of Thackeray's intimate friends. As singer of his own songs, Sam Lover was a reproduction, though a very faint one, of Tom Moore.

"He throws into them," said Thackeray one day to a friend of mine, "the whole of his little soul."

The “Life of Tennyson” contains much more about Morton. In a letter quoted by the biographer, Morton writes that he has “Called on Alfred, and found Thackeray there with a stack of shag tobacco, and with Homer and Miss Barrett on the table. . . . Both Thackeray and Alfred,” he adds, “praise Miss Barrett.”

Morton called again on Tennyson at Paris in 1851; and it is recorded in the Life that “his wild laugh sounded through the corridors.” This was the year of Morton’s death.

He was the sort of man who, by his attractive qualities and his yielding disposition, might well be brought to a bad end. Lola Montes had him just then in her clutches. Irish by race, Spanish by her style of beauty, her temperament, and her assumed name, she had been twice married—each time to an officer in the English army; and she had played a disastrous part at Munich, where, by reason of the infatuation with which she had filled the Bavarian king, she was driven out by the mob during the revolutionary period of 1848. She carried away with her the title of “Countess of Landsfeld,” conferred by the bewitched monarch; and, profiting by her notoriety and her undeniable beauty, got Lumley to engage her for Her Majesty’s Theatre, where she came out as a Spanish dancer and failed.

Then she crossed over to Paris, where one evening, at a small reception she was giving,

a well-known journalist, Count Roger de Beauvoir, committed the indiscretion of reading some satirical verses he had just composed, of too free a character to suit the newly-formed taste of the retired adventuress. George Sand would probably have listened to them without protest. George Eliot, too, might have tolerated them ; and numbers of excellent women would have allowed them to be read without expressing any opinion about them. No one, however, speaks of ropes in the house of a person who has been hanged, and there were certain subjects which it would have been well to avoid in the apartments of Lola Montes.

As the Don Juan of Molière in the last phase of his viciousness becomes a hypocrite, so Lola Montes had become, so far at least as language and satirical allusions were concerned, a prude.

Worse than that indeed, for she now took a step which she knew would endanger a man's life. Appealing to Morton, she intimated to him that he must request Roger de Beauvoir to leave the house. Morton was challenged the next morning, and a duel was fought, but without serious results.

Not very long after this duel (which gave rise to correspondence and the publication of a pamphlet that was sent round to the military clubs in London) Morton had an encounter of a much graver character—grave in its origin,

and very grave in its end—with a fellow-correspondent named Bower.

Bower, like Morton, was a man of wonderful animal spirits, which in his case often took a mischievous form. I knew him very little. But a friend of mine, the late Sir Joseph Crowe (son of the Crowe referred to by Morton in the letter about Thackeray's dinner), who knew him well, saw him in broad daylight on the Paris Boulevard go through two performances, either of which might have been cited against him in proof of an insane condition of mind. Two ladies were sitting in a carriage in front of a shop. Bower approached them with the utmost gravity, pinched one of them on the leg, then raised his hat and gracefully retired.

On another occasion, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne and the Boulevard, Bower was struck by the preternaturally solemn appearance of an old gentleman, whom he thereupon determined to wake up. Seizing him at once by the breech of the trousers and the scruff of the neck, he ran him along the street for a considerable distance, then stopped, made a ceremonious bow and, as before, withdrew.

Did he love mystification, had he a taste for moral chemistry, or was he simply fond of practical jokes? In any case, he did what I have above related, and these exploits of his were, I believe, typical ones. As a correspondent he

indulged from time to time in jests of a similar kind with his readers. Crawford, who was Morton's colleague and assistant before he himself became correspondent of the *Daily News*, repeated to me one day some passages from Bower's letters which were quite as droll and of the same character as his performances with the lady in the carriage and the gentleman in the street. He would set forth, for instance, in the choicest phraseology, and with the most innocent air, outrageous things to which he ought never even to have alluded.

It would be a mistake to say that he was a man of the highest character, and when he was engaged to be married earnest endeavours were made by the parents of his future wife, a very charming woman, to prevent the match. It could scarcely have been Bower's fault that his wife became attached to Morton, though in some degree it may have been, and many people said it was. It happened in any case, one day, that Mrs. Bower, who had lately given birth to a child, became delirious, refused to take the medicine prescribed for her except from the hands of Morton, upbraided her husband, called him "Satan" ("*Vade retro, Sathanes!*" she exclaimed in her delirium), and at last told him not to imagine that the child was his, since Morton was its father.

What next took place is known only from the evidence of Bower at the trial. He called upon

Morton to say whether the words uttered by the delirious woman were true; when, instead of answering, Morton passed from the bedroom into an adjoining sitting-room, where the table was laid for lunch. Bower cried out to him for a reply. Morton still remained silent, and now, leaving the breakfast-room, made for the staircase leading downstairs to the courtyard. Bower, enraged beyond bearing, took up a carving knife, rushed after Morton, struck him as he was going downstairs, and piercing him in the region of the shoulder inflicted a mortal wound. Poor Morton died almost immediately.

Bower went for a time to England, but returned to take his trial.

He was in no danger. Becomingly attired in a suit of deepest black, he presented an interesting appearance. He gave his evidence in an impressive manner, spoke of his wife as "an angel," and was duly acquitted.

Many years later an old friend of mine, General Carroll Tévis, of the American, and afterwards of the Turkish, Egyptian, Carlist, Papal, and French armies (he commanded a brigade in the war of 1870-71 under Bourbaki) mentioned to me that he had just succeeded in arranging peacefully an "affair" which at first sight presented a very difficult look. One of the seconds on the other side had done his utmost, he said, in the same direction, and when all had been settled told him that he had once "had the misfortune

to kill a man," and how glad he felt to have helped to prevent a fatal issue in the case now satisfactorily terminated.

"His name was Bower," added Tévis; "did you ever meet him?"

Some ten years after Morton's death I had the honour of making Thackeray's acquaintance in a roundabout way, through Turguénéff the Russian novelist, when, finding that I had lived a good deal in Paris, he asked me whether I had ever met Morton. I replied that I knew him a little.

"Poor fellow!" he said, and then changed the subject.

Thackeray had just been reading "*Madame Bovary*," and told me that he very much disliked the book. I confessed that I had read it with interest and admiration, mentioning particular chapters and scenes, such as the brilliant description of the banquet, the dialogue between Madame Bovary and the priest who mistakes her moral malady for a physical one, and so on. I asked the great writer whether they possessed no merit.

"The book is bad," he said. "It is a heartless, cold-blooded study of the downfall and degradation of a woman."

Thackeray was absolutely without affectation or false pride of any kind. He did not mind speaking of himself, and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted

some time) as to whether the success of "Vanity Fair" had taken him at all by surprise,—

"Very much so," he replied. "And not myself alone," he added. "When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine*, it was given to me with a smile—almost an ironical one, as much as to say, 'Much good may you get out of them.' They bring me in three hundred a year now."

"Twelve-and-sixpence a page," he said, was all he got for his contributions to the magazine, and he expressed a hope that writing was better paid now than it was in his young days.

Speaking of translations of *Faust*, he said that the worst in existence was Abraham Hayward's. The preface, he added, was a piece of impertinence written to justify Hayward's having published as a literary work a word-for-word translation, made under the direction of a German master at three-and-sixpence an hour.

He told me, moreover, that Turguénéff had called upon him without any introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works, and without saying one word about his own literary position. On one of three or four other occasions when I had the pleasure of meeting the author of "Vanity Fair" at dinner, a writer named Ormsby, of great talent but quite unknown to fame (he was a journalist), was talking on the subject of literary expression.

“For my part,” said the great novelist, “I generally find that the appropriate words present themselves with the idea.”

“Yes,” replied Ormsby, “but you are Mr. Thackeray.”

I possessed at one time several letters from Thackeray; but various friends, collectors of autographs, deprived me of them, and I have now only one left. He had been kind enough to suggest, when the *Cornhill* was about to appear, that I should send him something for it, which I naturally did, and the reply was as follows:—

“*Bis dat qui cito.* I have read and hope to have an early opportunity of using your pleasant little paper.”

Thoroughly kind-hearted, Thackeray belonged all the same to the “irritable race,” and when the *Times* in a review of the “Kickleburys on the Rhine” treated the little book as unworthy of the author of “Vanity Fair,” and suggested that, published at Christmas time, it had been written with a view to the payment of Christmas bills—the great man waxed wroth and, taking up his sharpest pen, wrote a reply which he called “Thunder and Small Beer.” The title was a good one, for the “thunder” of the *Times* had really soured him.

Now the writer of the review happened to be Charles Kenney, a friend of Thackeray’s, and a very intimate friend of mine. Finding that he had given pain to a man for whom he

entertained the highest respect, and not wishing, moreover, to remain in a false position with regard to him, he went to Thackeray, confessed his fault, and was at once forgiven.

Kenney was not far wrong in his estimate of the "Kickleburys." Thackeray, however, had not written the little book, as Kenney naturally supposed, just before publishing it. He had written it some ten or a dozen years previously, and had apparently in his unknown days found it difficult to get it brought out; for in the year 1899 a copy of the "Kickleburys," and also a copy of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" were sold at Christie and Manson's for £36, each volume being illustrated by a drawing from Thackeray's own hand, dated "1836."

Father Prout once told me that soon after the publication of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," Albert Smith complained to him that he, Albert Smith, had "done it all before" in various sketches of evening parties.

"Not all," replied Father Prout. "You forget The O'Mulligan"—a character in which the nail of the lion can at once be seen.

What curious, grotesque mistakes have sometimes been made by the writers of replies to anonymous reviews! In an early number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a novel by Mortimer Collins had been severely handled. "The musical Mortimer," as his friends called him in recognition

of the melody of his ever-tuneful verse, was indignant, and having come to the conclusion that the attack had been written by an intimate friend of his, James Hannay, a prominent contributor to the paper and, as some wrongly supposed, the editor, resolved to have his revenge. He was writing a novel at the time for, the *Dublin University Magazine*, and in the next instalment he introduced a gentleman from Scotland, who talked much of ancestry and blood, quoted familiar Latin phrases, and, besides misbehaving himself in other ways, made false quantities.

When the new number appeared a friend of Hannay's wrote to Mortimer Collins asking what could be the meaning of an assault so entirely unprovoked. Collins, finding what a mistake he had made, expressed his deep regret, and begged Hannay to promise never to read one line of what he had written about him. Hannay made the promise, and the affair was at an end.

The impetuous Charles Reade—"impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," as James Hannay might have called him—was much enraged on reading in the *Saturday Review* an article abusing and ridiculing a novel called "Liberty Hall," the first work of his nephew, Winwood Reade. It was a picture more or less accurate of life at an Oxford college or hall; and although Charles Reade, himself a Fellow of Magdalen, did not

seem to think much of it as a novel, he maintained in vigorous language that it showed finer qualities on the part of the writer than belonged to Fitzjames Stephen, the presumed author of the attack. The article, however, was from another hand.

Our anonymous system has many advantages, but it sometimes causes strange complications. An elderly gentleman once wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Greenwood up) asking why one man could not ask another to dine with him at a club without both of them putting on evening dress. A youthful gentleman wrote in reply, asking who this old fogey could be, with his objections to the decencies of civilised life. The first correspondent, so the editor informed me, was Herman Merivale the historian, and the second his son, Herman Merivale the dramatist.

Charles Reade's groundless attack on Fitz-james Stephen amused no one so much as Winwood Reade, in whose defence Charles Reade had taken up his pen. It was "so like my uncle," he said. Winwood Reade wrote in a graceful, interesting, absolutely unlaboured style, so that one could often read him with pleasure even when he had nothing very important to say.

He was simple, modest, thoroughly self-possessed, and, with a gentlemanly bearing, presented the unhealthy look of a man who might have passed many years of his life in the marshier parts of Savage Africa.

After publishing two novels—the second of a very daring character, studiously audacious in view of general consternation—Winwood Reade, encouraged by the example if not the advice of his friend Burton, determined to seek distinction as an explorer. His books of African travel are extremely interesting, though whether he added much to our scientific knowledge of the parts he visited I am unable to say.

He, in any case, qualified himself by his study of things African for writing some singularly interesting letters in the *Times* concerning the operations of the Ashantee war. The other correspondents got their letters off more quickly, but Winwood Reade showed at every step how thoroughly he knew the country; and he saw much more than any other correspondent of the actual fighting.

He went into action with the 42nd Highlanders.

“Warm work, sir, for a civilian, is it not?” said one of the sergeants to him.

“But when I told him,” wrote Winwood Reade, “that I was the correspondent of the *Times*, he no longer expressed astonishment.”

Charles Reade, apart from his determination to do good work, was animated by a strong desire to make money. He had besides his Fellowship some private means. But these “matched not his haughty tastes,” and he proposed to make for himself a large fortune by turning thirty-shilling

violins into three-hundred guinea ones. This was to be done through the application of the genuine Cremona varnish, of which the secret was lost nearly two centuries ago, but which Charles Reade believed himself to have rediscovered.

When first I heard of this from a friend of mine in Paris, who had in his service a man formerly in the service of Charles Reade, I was a little incredulous. But the servant declared that his late master spent most of his time in turning new violins into old ones, and just then I happened to read "*Christie Johnstone*," which contains a good deal of interesting matter about violin music and violins. A few years afterwards I met with the violin in another of Charles Reade's books, a collection of tales published under the title of "*Cream*." Then there was an exhibition of violins at the South Kensington Museum, about which Charles Reade wrote a series of highly interesting articles, full of most curious lore, for the old *Pall Mall-Gazette*. He had evidently studied the instrument with great care.

At a later exhibition of violins held at the Albert Hall I was introduced to a member of the well-known firm of Hill and Son, makers and vendors of violins, on whom the name of Charles Reade, when I purposely pronounced it, had a most irritating effect. A converted violin, changed by the application of the rediscovered Cremona varnish from new to old, had been offered to them for sale; and they had declined to buy it.

Here became apparent the weak point in the invention, the flaw in the process, the error in the speculation. If Henry Mayhew could have made diamonds of sufficient size (he did, I believe, succeed in precipitating at immense cost small quantities of diamond dust), it would not have been necessary, in order to sell them, to say whence he got them. They would have spoken for themselves. In the case of a Cremona violin, however, proofs of authenticity would be necessary, and this landed the professor of the art of turning new violins into old ones in a tight corner. An authentic Cremona is worth a great deal of money; a modern violin closely resembling a Cremona is worth very little.

When I first knew Charles Reade he was an habitual water drinker. A few years afterwards his ordinary beverage at meals was champagne, and of the finest brands.

"Your uncle is no longer a teetotaller," I said to Winwood Reade.

"He never was," answered the nephew. "He drank water because he could not afford the best wine, and he cares for no other. 'Do you think I am such a fool,' my uncle said to me one day," continued Winwood Reade, "'as not to appreciate Heidsieck and G. H. Mumm? But I should be a still greater fool if I ordered their vintages without being able to pay for them.'"

Charles Reade was a generous man, and because he liked being generous and because he

hated the petty troubles of impecuniosity he always aimed at making as much money as possible by his books and plays. But at the outset he seems to have over-reached himself, for I remember a lawsuit from which it appeared that, after an immense sale, "Never Too Late to Mend" had brought him in only ten pounds. All he really had to do was not to make sporting agreements in which he was sure to be worsted, but to write such good books and such successful plays that managers and publishers would compete with one another for the advantage of producing them. That was how he at last made his money. His plays, with the exception of *Masks and Faces*—the best by far of all—were adaptations from the French; and by the last of these, *Drink*, he must have realised a small fortune.

He was the first author to buy from a French author the English rights in connection with a French play, and he published a large octavo volume called "The Eighth Commandment," in order to tell the world how well he had behaved, and to warn evildoers, practisers of petty larceny, and robbers on a large scale against infringing the familiar but so often violated injunction, "Thou shalt not steal."

"The Eighth Commandment" contained a fac-simile of a receipt for twenty pounds addressed to Charles Reade, and signed "Auguste Maquet," who, in consideration of the sum mentioned, made over to Charles Reade all English rights in con-

nection with a piece called *Le Château de Grantier*. Maquet was the ablest of many able men who collaborated with Alexandre Dumas in the production of novels and plays; not one of whom, with the exception of Maquet, made any mark as an independent writer.

Maquet's *Château de Grantier* was a strong piece, with, from an English point of view, this weak point in it—that one of the young women had been too intimate with one of the young men. In order, therefore, to spare the feelings of the English public—which cannot tolerate that sort of thing except every morning in the crude reports of the Divorce Court—it was found necessary to represent the erring couple as secretly married, which restored their respectability, but spoiled the play.

Charles Reade began by turning it into a novel; replacing the stage directions by well-written narrative, and the scenery by brilliant descriptions, while retaining and expanding the dramatic dialogue. He threw in, moreover, a few episodes and a certain number of philosophic reflections, together with the history of an oak tree which alone occupied more than one hundred pages of the book, and which must have deprived the periodical in which the story first appeared of at least thirty thousand subscribers.

An enterprising firm of printers and publishers had bought the *London Journal*, which owed its immense sale to the powerful and romantic stories

of J. F. Smith, who, after a life of adventure as a soldier of fortune, and a brief period of meditation as a monk, had turned sensational novelist, and held his readers spellbound from week to week by such tales as "Woman and Her Master," "Minnigrey," etc.

Pierce Egan was another favourite contributor to the *London Journal*; and I believe Miss Braddon wrote for it some of her first essays in a style which she was afterwards to cultivate with such striking success.

The new proprietors of the *London Journal* proposed to elevate the tastes of its readers, while raising at the same time the circulation of the paper, by publishing modern stories of special excellence and ancient ones of universal celebrity.

A combination of Walter Scott and Charles Reade would, it was thought, send up the *Journal*, even to the stars. It brought it down, however, with a crash. Letters were received at the office calling upon Charles Reade to "shut up," and requesting that Walter Scott be "sacked," and Pierce Egan re-engaged in his place. Such was the drop in the circulation that, after a full and fair experiment, the new proprietors resold the *Journal* to the old ones at a considerable loss.

Charles Reade's narrative version of *Le Château de Grantier* was much more effective in book form than in the pages of the *London Journal*, whose readers were accustomed to stories

of love and murder in which the action was constantly progressing, without being interrupted by lengthy descriptions, episodes of various kinds, and interminable histories of oak trees.

Ultimately Charles Reade produced his *Château de Grantier* (it was really his, he had bought it for twenty pounds) in dramatic form. It was called, like the novel on which it was ostensibly founded, *White Lies*. The oak tree was omitted, and the play would probably have met with great success but that everyone knew beforehand that the parents of the mysterious child were secretly married, and that at the end of the performance they would leave the stage without a stain on their character.

Much of Charles Reade's work was based on French originals ; but from these originals there were such wide departures, and the English treatment was so vigorous and so entirely Reade's own, that the foreign groundwork was quite lost sight of.

Charles Reade brought out at Drury Lane, while the Australian gold craze was still on, a piece from the French, called *Gold*, which contained the nucleus or germ of the story of "Never Too Late to Mend." But a large portion of "Never Too Late to Mend" is based on British Blue Books ; and when the dramatic version of the popular English novel was brought out on the stage it reminded no one of that play of *Gold*, to which, as also to a careful study of

Parliamentary papers and Reade's own invention, it owed its existence.

This admirable writer had but little faith in his own power of imagination, and Dion Boucicault, who wrote with him a very clever novel called "Foul Play," for *Once a Week* under the editorship of Dallas, assured me that without powerful external stimulants Reade could never get his brain to work. As the story which these two writers produced together was founded on a French melodrama called *Le Portefeuille Rouge*, Boucicault, it may be said, was possibly in the same case.

Charles Reade, however, was so conscious of his weak point that he used to collect from the newspapers all kinds of incidents and accidents likely to be of use to him as subjects, suggestions, hints, and aids. These he kept carefully assorted in pigeon-holes, lettered alphabetically; although, as a matter of fact (so Boucicault assured me) he never referred to them. Doubtless, the mere process of cutting them out and pigeonholing them impressed them upon his mind.

He kept, too, exhibited on the walls of his sitting-room, pictures of persons and incidents that he wished to have constantly before him. He thus created for himself a sort of atmosphere.

When Dallas first told me what "Foul Play" was founded on, I bought the piece—an old melodrama of Dennery's, which I had some difficulty in obtaining; and, though a good deal

of *Le Portefeuille Rouge* was in "Foul Play," there was very little of "Foul Play" in *Le Portefeuille Rouge*. In the central scene, both of the play and the novel, the principal young man and the leading girl are thrown together on a desert island, in which trying position the conduct of the pair is in the English novel most exemplary, in the French play less exemplary, but perhaps more natural.

So in another melodrama by the same Denney, a youth and a maiden are surprised in a Swiss châlet by an avalanche, which shuts them up together for six months. In the French piece they avow to one another the love by which both are animated. In the English adaptation of the French piece the lovers maintain towards one another a cold reserve, which lasts from the end of autumn till the beginning of summer. Meanwhile the heroine instructs the hero in the French language, avoiding, no doubt, one of the most familiar of the verbs, or they might "read no more that day."

In "The Cloister and the Hearth," Charles Reade's latest and finest work, there is no trace of extraneous influence; neither is there in "Christie Johnstone," his earliest and most charming.

Having one day come across a good dramatic subject, I wrote a play, had it printed, and sent it to Charles Reade, asking him to tell me, not

merely what he thought of it, but what, if he considered it a piece of practicable work, I had better do with it. His reply was as follows :

“ I have read your play with interest. You have a good story, and it is intelligibly set forth ; but from a stage point of view there are faults in the construction. Your dialogue, lively and amusing in the comedy scenes, is in the serious ones too chatty.

“ Catch a playwright called Hazlewood ; give him five pounds to turn what you have written into a stage play. Then compare his piece with your own, and out of the two make a really serviceable drama.

“ But this advice is so excellent that I cannot expect any young man to follow it.”

I tried to follow it ; but, in the first place, I could not “ catch ” Hazlewood. I asked for his address at “ Lacy’s ” in the Strand, where his plays were published, but all in vain.

Perhaps if I had written to him at every theatre for which he had ever worked I should at last have found him, but it scarcely seemed worth while. Charles Reade’s advice was indeed excellent ; and he was, unfortunately, quite right in saying that it would not be followed.

CHAPTER IV.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AND THE SEVEN MAYHEWS.

Jerrold's Butt and his Bully—Harry Baylis—Mr. Mayhew, senior—
A Family of Solicitors—"A Highly Respectable Man"—George
Cruickshank—Henry Mayhew—Horace and Augustus—A Famous
Waistcoat—Yvon's Studio.

THACKERAY paid a visit now and then to his friend and colleague on *Punch*, Horace Mayhew; but the only time I was invited to meet him there he unfortunately did not turn up. It was on this occasion, for the first and last time in my life, that I found myself in the same room with Douglas Jerrold. It was Saturday night, and Jerrold had just come from the *Punch* dinner, whence Mayhew had preceded him, and he was attended by the proprietors of the famous comic journal, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Waiting for him were his habitual butt, George Hodder, and his occasional bully, Harry Baylis. Everything then pointed to a lively night; but I came away an hour or two afterwards by no means impressed with the wit of the leading personages. Jerrold often uttered witticisms which were to wit what a truism is to truth; and he indulged at every opportunity in repartee which, sometimes facetious, generally sarcastic, was too often in bad taste. When he had made what seemed to him a smart

speech he closed his lips with a sort of snap, exclaiming on particular occasions, when he had made a palpable hit: "I had him there!"

He was short, rather thin, and apparently about fifty years of age, with grey hair, rather long and of fine quality, grey eyes, a pale delicate face, and thin lips. His talk was like the dialogue of some five-act comedy in which the author has striven hard to make every line effective. In conversing with anyone, his sole object seemed to be "to have him there," and whenever he made a point all around him burst into an applauding laugh. To mild, meek, kind-hearted George Hodder, author of "Mornings at Bow Street" (which Henry Mayhew wished him to call "Black Eyes and Bloody Noses") he would say things which he scarcely could have ventured to address to anyone else; whilst Harry Baylis, who was witty himself and not in the least degree afraid of Jerrold, would occasionally shut him up. It was to Hodder that Jerrold observed one night that he was "lead all through, like a cedar pencil;" and Baylis once told Jerrold that his best things were, "like Cleopatra's pearls, dissolved in vinegar."

Like all satirists, Jerrold hated satire directed against himself, and when a certain reviewer said of his wit that it was "probably called caustic because it blackened everything it touched," he made a formal complaint to the

editor. A licence of speech was allowed in those days that would scarcely be tolerated now. Baylis, for example, went into the *Café de l'Europe* one night (the “*café*,” as its frequenters used facetiously to call it) in order to tell Boucicault what a very bad piece he had brought out at the *Haymarket* next door.

“When you want to write a comedy,” said Baylis, “you produce a five-act farce. If you were to try a farce, the result would be a pantomime. The best thing you can do, now that Christmas is coming on, is to write a real harlequinade. You yourself could be the clown, and you might get that bilious-looking beggar sitting next you to play pantaloon.”

The gentleman of bilious aspect was seen by Baylis on this occasion for the first time.

One of the principal ornaments of Harry Baylis’s chambers was a picture-frame with a black cloth hanging down before it, on which might be read in white letters the alarming inscription: “*Ladies beware!*” When ladies visited him he made some pretext for leaving the room; and then, abruptly returning, surprised them gazing eagerly upon a—blank.

Baylis was a member of several convivial clubs, whose members would not go home till morning, and, dying somewhat prematurely, he exclaimed on his deathbed, with pathetic humour: “This comes of taking the chair after twelve o’clock at night.”

The Mayhews were a most interesting family. I knew only five of them, but there were seven brothers, besides two sisters, and the brothers were all articled, one after the other, to their father, a solicitor in Fitzroy Square, with the exception only of Alfred, who went into the Army, but after a time left it to adopt the more pugnacious profession.

The six others hated the law, and at the earliest opportunity threw it up. The father could not help that. But he charged each of them a heavy premium, which he deducted from the money he left them at his death.

Henry Mayhew quitted the paternal mansion under rather peculiar circumstances.

He had been ordered to enter an appearance or to put in documents in some important case. Of course, he did nothing of the kind; but he got home in time for dinner, and while the meal was going on the incident which floored him took place.

A servant whispered to Mr. Mayhew, senior, that someone was waiting in the hall who wished particularly to see him.

“Tell him to go to the devil!” cried Mayhew. “What does he mean by calling when I am at dinner?”

Henry Mayhew at this moment rose and left the room. As soon as possible afterwards he left the house, and years passed before his father saw him again.

"Very good, sir," persisted the footman ; "but he says he *must* see you."

"Who is he ? Where the deuce does he come from ?"

"The court, sir."

"The court ! What court ?" asked Mr. Mayhew.

"Don't know, sir."

The door now opened, and a bailiff or two appeared. "You must come at once," said the intruder. "We can't be kept waiting any longer."

"What is it ?" asked the experienced solicitor in a subdued voice, at once recognising the type of man by whom he was "wanted."

"Contempt of court, that's what it is, sir. You're committed, so come along," replied the bailiff in chief.

Prudent and careful himself, it was sad that Mr. Mayhew should suffer in this way from the carelessness of his son.

So precise, so full of forethought, was he that, having business sometimes to transact at a neighbouring police court, he had the distance measured from the court to the square in which he lived. Reckoning from some particular point it was just one mile. But the cabman who drove him to the court thought it was more than a mile ; upon which Mr. Mayhew paid for two miles, summoned the cabman, and obtained judgment for eightpence with costs. This, of course, was before the introduction of the sixpence a mile rate.

At last the cabmen in the neighbourhood got to know him, and seeing him approach drove away. Then he took the offender's number, proceeded against him for refusing a fare and recovered as before.

He was a good-looking, well-dressed man, with a slightly Oriental cast of countenance, and eminently "respectable" in appearance. Such, indeed, was his respectability that his son Henry made him the subject of a satirical song to which

"Like a highly respectable man!"

formed the effective refrain.

The opening lines run—

"A highly respectable man
Is Iscariot Ingots, Esquire,"

and the concluding stanza—

"He makes a fresh will every quarter,
Or whene'er he's a fit of the blues :
His wife has done something to vex him,
His sons will not meet all his views.
No, they will get none of his riches
When he's once placed them under his ban ;
He will leave all his wealth to asylums,
Like a highly respectable man!"

This agreeable satire on "the governor" was written by Henry Mayhew for *Cruickshank's Comic Almanac*, edited that year by Horace Mayhew. The sons were probably well aware that their father did not read their writings, and, in spite of the terrible prediction in the penul-

timate line of the poem, he left them all provided for in a will which was a model of ingenuity and common-sense. The most improvident of the family had so many pounds a week left him, payable weekly through trustees, and absolutely inalienable. Julius, who when he lived with his father never stayed out one moment later than eleven, received a large sum unconditionally ; while Horace, who when he borrowed money from his father paid him back with interest, even to the uttermost fourpence, was treated with similar confidence. Augustus's money was a good deal tied up ; but he received much more than Henry, and was allowed to draw it at monthly intervals.

One word about George Cruickshank, a man of powerful imagination and strong dramatic feeling, with a fertility which in itself is often a sign of genius. He was the only book-illustrator of his time who threw light on the work entrusted to him, and instead of distorting the personages of a story, represented them truthfully as he had truthfully imagined them and as they really must have been. He used to fancy after a time that he had himself invented the stories which he had been asked to illustrate. He claimed the authorship of one of Ainsworth's tales, and of Dickens's "Oliver Twist." Possibly he brooded over the personages and the scenes until at last he really believed that he had created them. In depicting men and women of the day,

he represented them in the clothes of a much earlier day—the period of his own youth. In this respect he seemed to have lost the faculty of observation. He thought intensely, while taking but little notice of external things.

When I first made Cruickshank's acquaintance he had quite lately, by a sudden reaction, become a violent teetotaller, and from that time forward he saw in strong drink the origin of all evil. Nor did he ever miss an opportunity of expounding his views on the subject. One day he seized in the street a man who had been trying to pick his pocket, and, not content with giving him in charge, administered to him a lecture on the evils of intemperance. "I feel sure," he said, "that you have been demoralised and ruined by love of drink. I, on the other hand, have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor for the last twenty years."

"What!" cried the horrified prisoner; "I've let myself be took by a teetotaller! Why, if I'd known you was a water drinker, I'd have knocked your bloomin' head off!"

Henry Mayhew had more brains than all the rest of the family put together, but less conduct. With all his ability he justifies the Biblical declaration, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." For a time, however, he did excel. Expositions of the system of the universe and processes for making diamonds occupied most of his attention. But he also wrote farces, comic

novels in monthly serial form, and books for boys ; while, as regards newspaper work, he was one of the leader writers for the *Morning Chronicle* at the time when that journal was directed by Douglas Cook, and numbered among its contributors most of the best writers who afterwards contributed under the same excellent editor to the *Saturday Review*.

It was for the *Morning Chronicle*, too, that Henry Mayhew wrote his wonderful letters on “London Labour and the London Poor.” He was in his glory at that time. He was largely paid and, greatest joy of all, had an army of assistant writers, stenographers, and hansom cab-men constantly at his call. London labourers of special interest, with picturesque specimens of the London poor, were brought to the *Chronicle* office, where they told their tales to Mayhew, who red dictated them, with an added colour of his own, to the shorthand writer in waiting. His younger brother, Augustus, helped him in his vivid descriptions, and an authority on political economy controlled his gay statistics.

Something was sure at last to go wrong. According to Mayhew, the editor refused to publish a damaging account of the workshop of a well-known Regent Street tailor, on the ground that the firm in question advertised largely in the *Chronicle*. Considering the liberality with which the paper was conducted, and the abundant funds at its disposal (the Duke of

Newcastle and Mr. Beresford Hope were among its proprietors), it is difficult to believe that the editor—and such an editor—would have sacrificed principle to an advertisement. In any case the letters on “London Labour and the London Poor” ceased to appear in the *Morning Chronicle*. Mayhew continued them in a publication of his own, but it was not the same thing. In the newspaper he had his audience found for him. In his own publication he had to find it for himself.

Henry Mayhew married a daughter of Douglas Jerrold, a charming woman, and Henry Baylis wrote an epithalamium for the occasion, dedicated to Jerrold and beginning :

“ What a jolly fine thing to be father-in-law
To a blasted philosopher not worth a straw ! ”

Of the other members of the Mayhew family Alfred was the one who began life in the army and ended it in the law. Him I knew very little; and there was another one—Edward, author of a standard work on the horse (“ Mayhew on the Horse ”) ranks with “ Youatt on the Pig ”), whom I met but once. Touched by the family failing, Edward Mayhew wrote a farce. It was called *The Gentleman in Black*, and met with remarkable success.

Henry Mayhew’s best farce was the *Wandering Minstrel*, written at a very early date and revived with good effect by Robson. Augustus was part-author of the *Goose with the Golden Eggs*.

“Gus” Mayhew wrote several comic novels in serial form conjointly with his brother Henry, “The Greatest Plague of Life” among others; and he produced, single-handed, in the same form a brilliantly written story of London life—full of picturesque expressions and quaint similes—called “Paved with Gold.”

Horace Mayhew wrote little, if at all, for the stage, though he probably did his share of that *Punch's Pantomime* which, though the work of some of the first humourists of the day, failed to please a Christmas audience. As sub-editor of *Punch* he wrote numbers of small and very amusing paragraphs, and he published in the *Illustrated London News* a clever and engaging tale called “Letters Left at the Pastry-cook's.” Having sold it for publication in book form, he was indignant when he found how much money was being made out of it, and bought it back from the accommodating publishers on only slightly increased terms.

Horace's relations with his father were friendly but business-like. He once asked me to walk with him as far as “the governor's,” and as he was going in asked me to lend him a fourpenny piece. I offered him sixpence, or even a shilling, but could not find in my pocket a silver fourpence.

He then told me that he was about to repay his father a loan of a hundred pounds to which he wished to add interest at five per cent., calculated up to that very day. The interest came to so many pounds, so many shillings and exactly four-

pence. For the sake of punctuality and precision it was absolutely necessary to find the fourpence, which his father, he knew, would rather have in silver than in coppers.

Horace was of a kindly disposition. Nothing pleased him so much as to hear one of his own books praised, while hostile criticism really pained him. He was deeply hurt, then, when a friend of his, led away by an insane love of parody, addressed him one day in print as follows :

“ Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so ;
Not for my faults, but thine ! It is a curse
To find thee putting forth some ancient ‘ Joe ’
As novel wit ; no clown could do much worse.”

On the eve of his fiftieth birthday Horace Mayhew spent the day alone in absolute retreat. It had occurred to him for the first time in his life to take care of himself, for on completing his fiftieth year he became entitled to receive from some insurance office a couple of thousand pounds. He stopped at home, denied himself to everyone, drank a solitary pint of claret at his dinner, and the next morning had won his wager against the Fates.

When his friends called to congratulate him they brought with them the most wonderful tales as to what had happened the day before. To everyone he knew some strange adventure had occurred : George Hodder had eloped with an heiress, Harry Baylis had become a Scripture-

reader, Douglas Jerrold (an advanced Radical) had accepted the editorship of a new Conservative organ to be called *Church and State*.

Horace—or “Ponny,” as for some inscrutable reason his familiars called him—was a little mystified at first, but soon saw that he was being “chaffed.”

One peculiarity of Horace Mayhew’s was a constant tendency towards marriage, from which at the critical moment he abruptly turned away. But in the words of Victor Hugo, “*On tombe du côté où l’on penche*,” and at last he fell.

Some time before the catastrophe he told me that on the previous evening he had been perilously near making an offer to a very pretty girl. He hesitated, and at last said to her:

“If I were to propose to you, should you accept or refuse?”

“Try!” said the young lady.

But he didn’t, and he never knew whether she had intended to say “Yes” or “No.” Neither answer would have pleased him.

Augustus Septimus Mayhew, seventh and last of the sons, was tall, handsome, and on all occasions self-possessed. In Paris, on the evening of the Napoleonic *coup d'état*, he carried on an argument in the calmest manner with a soldier who seemed every moment on the point of running his bayonet into him; and I once saw him (also in Paris) walk into a looking-glass shop, arrange his moustache and

his cravat before one of the mirrors, salute the astonished proprietor in the most dignified manner, and walk out.

Such was his bearing that he could carry off clothes that on a less portly figure might have looked showy, or even grotesque. He once bought himself, at "La Belle Jardinière," a magnificent velvet waistcoat, striped like a zebra, with black lines on a grey ground. As it would not wear out, he at last got tired of it, and gave it to George Hodder, who had come over on a visit to Paris, where Augustus was staying—"because," as Shirley Brooks put it, "Paris was the only city in Europe where a lover of things dramatic could go night after night to the play and be sure never to see an adaptation from the French."

Hodder, however, was not equal to the waistcoat. It crushed him, and he got rid of it advantageously by putting it into a raffle, in which the winning number was drawn by George Augustus Sala. The new owner had the waistcoat relined and altered to fit him, and when he had worn it, studied it, and mastered all its peculiarities, wrote a very amusing article about it in *Household Words*. Then no one cared any more about it. It had become public property, and Sala, for all I know to the contrary, may have presented it to some architectural museum.

During the two or three years that he spent in Paris Augustus drew an allowance from his

father in the character of art student. He attended Yvon's *atelier*—first regularly, then irregularly, at last not at all—and very interesting were the stories he brought back of the students, the models, and the way in which the place generally was conducted.

The charge was only ten francs a month, and some of the students were so poor that this modest fee made a considerable hole in their monthly income. If any of them became intolerably hard up, a subscription was opened for the benefit of the necessitous one, and this was also done if any particular student wanted a garment of some kind, or a pair of boots.

An announcement was posted up in the *atelier* to the effect that Dupont or Lefèvre needed (let us say) a pair of trousers, and that the director of the *atelier*, appointed by the painter to whom it belonged, would receive subscriptions. The money required was soon forthcoming, and the youth who had torn his trousers, worn them out, or stained them beyond remedy with paint, was presented with a new pair. He felt no humiliation at receiving the gift, and his friends and fellow-students were glad to be of service to him.

Rich and poor worked together on an equality. A new student had to stand wine or punch—made in proportion of two bottles of brandy to one of rum, sweetened with sugar and set aflame; and he was then free of the *atelier*.

At Yvon's *atelier* there were only from forty to fifty students, so that the painter who ran it, and who attended an hour or two daily to look over the work done, made little enough out of it. But he had the satisfaction of teaching art on very moderate terms, and there was the chance of his becoming the head of a school.

At the *atelier* of Delaroche, of Delacroix, of Horace Vernet, of Ingres, the students were counted by hundreds, and when Ingres went to the school of Rome he was followed by numbers of his pupils on foot. Horace Vernet's *atelier* we all know, from Vernet's own picture of it in the Louvre. There the students seem to have occupied themselves as much with fencing and boxing as with painting. Rags, rugs, and garments of rich and varied colours hang about the place, and among the models are not only grisly old men and fair young women, but monkeys, horses, and wild beasts.

One day Augustus Mayhew was seized with a violent desire to learn the piano. Crabbe's agricultural labourer could hold the plough, but not the pen; and Augustus, though he could wield the brush, and was skilful at touching and retouching a picture, could do nothing with the keyboard.

It was difficult for him to play five notes evenly, impossible to play six.

The explanation of his sudden passion for the piano was an arrangement he had made

with a Polish young lady, a singer at a café concert, to take lessons from her. If he had gone in for singing lessons, his voice would have proved less rebellious than his fingers. But he had declared for the piano.

Finding that the pupil could not learn the piano, the Polish girl, with characteristic patriotism, asked him to read Mickiewicz's lectures on the Slavonians, and lent him the five volumes. He brought them back to the Hôtel Corneille (close to the Odéon), where we had our rooms, and begged me to read them and tell him what they were all about. That was rather a large order, but I was delighted with "Les Slaves." Mickiewicz opened a new world to me—*le monde Slave*—and I tried to get Mayhew to read the work for himself. Neither Lech, Czech, nor Russ, however, possessed the slightest interest for him. Then the young lady entrusted him with a small metal image of a saint, which had somehow got damaged, and which Mayhew, with his accustomed readiness to oblige, offered to get restored. After operating upon it with his own hand, to its utter disfigurement, he at last lost it; which, in the circumstances, was perhaps the best thing he could do.

The lectures on the Slavonians had now been returned, the pianoforte lessons had never been begun, and gradually all relations between Augustus of Poland (as we used to call him) and the young Polish girl came to an end.

Julius Mayhew's artistic work in Paris was on a lower level than that of his brother Augustus. He cultivated photography, but, never being able to find the right professor, made little or no progress in the art. Unwilling, however, to cause his father unnecessary pain, he forwarded him from time to time purchased impressions which had not come out well in the printing, with other cheap examples of defective photography.

Some of these specimens were of the most ludicrous kind. But Julius maintained that they were all that could be expected from a beginner, and that, if ever he showed himself a master of the art, which he had not yet even begun to study, there would be an end to his stay in Paris.

At last he went back to London, took some very nice chambers in Old Bond Street, on the floor above the one where his brother Horace had established himself, bought an expensive photographic apparatus, and declared himself through the medium of a brass plate on the street door, a photographer.

He had been there some months when one day he was very much annoyed by a man's calling and asking to be photographed. Julius remonstrated with him, and at last prevailed upon him to "come another day." To Julius's utter disgust the man came. He was a footman, and wished to be photographed in the act and process of playing the flute.

He had brought a flute with him, and knew how to hold it, though he was quite unable to play upon it. He had a fancy, however, to look like a flute-player, and this fancy pleased Julius Mayhew, and made him take an interest in the absurd man. He accordingly photographed him, flute and all.

Julius Mayhew possessed in an eminent degree the art of saying ridiculous things with an unconscious air. This will not carry a man through life, any more than will the gifts and acquirements of an acquaintance of mine who, being asked to state his qualifications for a certain post in a Government office, replied, "I combine the fiercest invective with the wildest humour."

Julius, however, by his own peculiar forms of pleasantry, caused much amusement to his friends, as when, on the steps of an omnibus during a heavy shower of rain, he looked curiously at the passengers inside and gravely asked whether any lady would go outside to oblige a gentleman?

He once confided to me that he hated literary men. "They are so arrogant," he said. One day a certain journalist came into the room where he was, and after saying that he had been writing hard for the last four or five hours, added that he was rather tired.

"I should think so," observed Julius. "How it must make your hand ache!"

On another occasion, when among a few

intimate friends (most of them writers), he had been expressing his dislike of literature and its professors :

“ Can you see nothing in Dickens to admire ? ” called out one of them. “ Has Macaulay no attractions for you ? ”

“ I never met Dickens but once,” replied Julius, “ and I thought him very offensive. He did nothing but talk, and always about himself. As for Caulay,” he added, “ I never till now heard of him.”

Apart from his humour, occasionally of so occult a kind that some could not perceive it, while others discovered it where it did not really exist, Julius Mayhew possessed positive talents. He was an appreciator of the graceful in art and a facile draughtsman, with a marked faculty for portraiture. Nor must I forget that he was an excellent haircutter. His brother Horace would have his hair cut by no one else, and Julius charged him sixpence for it.

CHAPTER V.

ENGLISHMEN IN PARIS.

J. W. Davison—His French Friends—Shirley Brooks—His Connection with *Punch*—William North—Knighted by Lamartine—His Tragic End—Henry Clapp and Horace Greeley—“The Introducer of Bohemianism into America”—A Wandering Minstrel—Gavarni—A Frenchman in London.

THE *coup d'état* brought many journalists to Paris, including Shirley Brooks, extra correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*; Sala, correspondent of *Household Words*; and the before-mentioned J. W. Davison, additional correspondent of the *Times*.

Davison was the musical critic of the *Times*, and he had come to Paris, not to write about the *coup d'état*, but to take a holiday. Being, however, on the spot, he wrote a certain number of interesting letters describing what he saw in the streets and heard in drawing-rooms. He had a large circle of friends in Paris, and he now turned them to account. Kindly in action, cynical in thought, or at least in speech, Davison, like the too satirical hero of a certain Russian comedy, was “happiest where men were most ridiculous;” and he usually, at that time, travelled with an eccentric humourist, half-jester, half-buffoon, in his train. The *attaché* in question was by profession a musician, by name Clement White. Instead of saying that

the work of some composer was deficient in melody, he declared that it had "no upper notes." He compared the poetry of a certain journalist to "a gridiron without bars"; and after being introduced to the present writer, had the audacity to describe him as "a knife-faced man, who speaks thin thoughts through a ragged moustache." These very original utterances filled Davison with delight.

Davison was almost always genial and affable; but I well remember a sharp reply he once made to a critic of his acquaintance whom he did not like, but who pretended to like him.

"I constantly praise your articles, Jim," said this gentleman, with an excess of familiarity not quite justified by their relations; "and you never say a word in favour of mine."

"When you tell me my articles are good," replied Davison, "you don't mean it. But when I tell you that yours are bad, I do."

He would print in his *Musical World* anything fairly interesting, whether it referred to music or not; which caused Oxenford to say of him, that he had "an abstract reverence for copy." His friend Charles Kenney wrote the following lines upon him :

"There was a J. W. D.,
Who wished a composer to be;
But his muse wouldn't budge,
So he set up as judge
Of better composers than he.'

The lines were shown to James William Davison, who, seeing that they were good, sent them at once to the printer of the *Musical World*.

Davison had a large acquaintance among the principal journalists and critics of Paris, including Jules Janin, theatrical critic, and Hector Berlioz, musical critic of the *Débats*; Théophile Gautier, theatrical and musical critic of *La Presse*; Fiorentino, musical critic of the *Constitutionnel*; Villemessant and his son-in-law Jouvin, who were soon afterwards to start the *Figaro*, but who at that time wrote the principal articles in a very interesting monthly review, which belonged to the father-in-law. I shall always remember Jouvin by one particular utterance of his, which, admirably as he expressed himself, seemed to show that he did not write with ease. "No great writer," he said, "ever took up the pen without a feeling of profound disgust." Very consoling for writers who have not an easy style.

The most illustrious of Davison's acquaintances in Paris was Prosper Mérimée; the least illustrious, Paul de Kock, whom the Janins and the Gautiers would not recognise as a writer at all.

Soon after the publication of "Carmen," which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Davison asked Mérimée whether Carmen really loved Don José, to which Mérimée replied—

"Pour qui me prenez vous?"

Carmen, according to her literary creator, flighty and inconstant as she was, entertained, nevertheless, a sincere affection for the man who ultimately murdered her. This, of course, refers to the original Carmen, not to the Carmen of the opera, who, for dramatic reasons, has had her character somewhat altered.

For that literary pariah, Paul de Kock, Davison entertained a certain personal regard, which caused him one day to ask Jules Janin to publish at least a few words about him in his weekly *feuilleton*. Paul de Kock had told Davison how vexed he felt at being absolutely ignored by the principal critics of the day.

Janin treated Davison's request as irrational and slightly ludicrous, but he at last promised to "see what he could do" in the matter. The outcome of it all was, that the next of Janin's *feuilletons* in the *Débats* finished with these words :

"*M. Paul de Kock vient de faire paraître un nouveau livre.*"

Shirley Brooks, whom I have mentioned as one of the special correspondents sent over to Paris at the time of the *coup d'état*, was a brilliant, clever, and very agreeable man. But both his conversation and his writing would have been more interesting had he taken less pains to render them witty. He had plenty of genuine wit; but when he could think of nothing sparkling or facetious he had recourse to epigrammatic

forms and antithetical moulds. There seemed to be some point in what he said, but it was nothing more than one part of a sentence balanced against another. There is a sad example of this on a tombstone in Norwood Cemetery, where Shirley Brooks's friend, Angus Reach, lies buried.

The epitaph, which could only have been from one hand, runs as follows :

“Distinguished in Periodical Literature ; Beloved in
Private Life.”

Two words beginning with a P and an L played off against two other words beginning with a P and an L ; and to accomplish this alliterative feat, the writer lowered the literary importance of the man he wished to honour.

I first met Shirley Brooks at the house of Angus Reach, and he made on that occasion a jest that was certainly good.

Reach had been telling a story of some mediaeval German baron, who just above a small courtyard through which lay the entrance to his hall had suspended an immense millstone of prodigious weight. He expected a visit of creditors from the neighbouring town, and, as soon as they had all assembled, let down the millstone upon them and crushed them.

“The action was perfectly legal,” said Brooks —who, by the way, had been articled to a solicitor—“he simply made a composition with his creditors.”

Nor was there anything forced in a question I once heard him put to a hostess at an evening party, where every profession except the Church seemed to be represented.

Suddenly two clergymen appeared.

"Who, Miss Philp," said Brooks, "are these Professors of Christian Superstition?"

This, from the author of a certain indignant (and very foolish) line in one of the most brilliant satirical poems ever written—

"I will not call thee atheist ; I know thou dread'st that sting"—
was rather strong ; but it was certainly ingenious and amusing.

The poem just referred to was addressed to Douglas Jerrold ; nominally to *Punch*, but with Gilbert à Beckett and Thackeray carefully excluded from the attack.

Of à Beckett he had written :

"Give us again the playful wit that notched the legal saw ;
Which sparkles o'er Hume's history now, as once o'er Blackstone's law."

Of Thackeray :

"Give us again the social sketch, drawn by Titmarshian skill ;
With colour bright as Dickens's, and pencil brighter still."

Now, take these two leading writers away from the *Punch* contributors of those days, and Jerrold alone remained. Shirley Brooks possessed what belongs to about two clever men out of a hundred—knowledge of the art of life, and the power to practise it. Donkeys have it, or they

would die of hunger ; but clever men who can do many things very well are frequently without it. Shirley Brooks was not. He would rather have been editor of *Punch* than editor of the *Times* or Ambassador at Constantinople ; and editor of *Punch* he became.

His chances in that direction did not seem very great when he wrote “Up, up, thou dreary Hunchback ;” and he had been connected, moreover, with every opposition to *Punch* of the slightest importance that had ever been started. It probably occurred to the editor of *Punch* that so powerful an opponent of the journal had better be secured as one of its contributors.

Thackeray and à Beckett could have had nothing to say against him. He had paid them the most ingenious, the most delicate compliments ; but he had hit Jerrold very hard. In Jerrold’s own language, he had “had him there !” Possibly the pain and rage caused to him were so great that some explanation was deemed necessary ; then a meeting, a reconciliation, and oaths of eternal friendship.

Shirley Brooks, in any case, accepted an engagement on *Punch*, and his friend, Angus Reach, deprived of his valuable co-operation on the *Man in the Moon*, sold that publication, and gave up being comic on the first of every month.

Bon Gaultier, Gilbert à Beckett, Shirley Brooks—who has not written a parody of “Locksley Hall” ? The best of them all, however,

is the one by Shirley Brooks. There is wit in the execution, humour in the conception, of his parody. The frivolous Amy made, according to Shirley Brooks, a very good choice. She threw over a poor devil who preached and carped, in order to give her hand to a rich gentleman who, far from boring her with theories of life, showed her everything in life worth seeing. The whole story is told in one couplet, which, uttered by the "heir of all the ages," runs as follows:

"Gay burlesques and screaming farces, he will take you now
to see 'em;
I'd have shown you how they're proved all nonsense by the
Athenæum."

Without knowing or caring much about music, Shirley Brooks wrote brilliant articles in the *Morning Chronicle* (of Douglas Cook's time) on the opera, which consists not of music alone, but of music, singing, acting, dancing, and beauty in various forms.

His friend Davison tried, but in vain, to make him take an interest in classical music. He convinced him, however, that there was no humour in deriding musical technology, or in speaking (as Shirley Brooks sometimes did) of "sonatas in R" and "symphonies in Z."

When the marriage of Davison to Arabella Goddard, after being for some time kept secret, was at last made known, Shirley Brooks turned to ingenious account the two familiar key-

signatures in which, respectively, their lives were set. Here are the graceful lines which he wrote on the subject in *Punch*:

“A fact long known to him, kind Punch must be
Allowed to gratulate his *rara avis* on :
Hail to the Lady of the Keys! From G
The music of her life’s transposed to D ;
And Arabella Goddard’s Mrs. Davison.”

Another friend of mine in those Paris days was a clever but unappreciated poet named William North. He had made in London a translation of Lamartine’s “*Méditations Poétiques*,” and sent a copy of the book to the distinguished author.

“This is no ordinary translation,” wrote Lamartine in acknowledgment. “It is the echo which harmonises, the mirage which reflects.”

North had every right to be pleased—and he was, in fact, delighted—with Lamartine’s graceful and ingenious praise. But what, above all, filled him with joy was the fact that Lamartine, at that time the leading man in France, had addressed him as “Sir William North.” He hurried with the letter to his friend Thomas Woolner, who, besides being amused by the never-failing humour of North’s eccentricities, really liked him.

“Look here, Woolner!” he exclaimed, exhibiting the letter; “Lamartine has knighted

me! From the Queen of England I could not, as a republican, receive such a distinction; but from the future President of the French Republic it is an honour which I feel bound to accept."

Then nothing would satisfy "Sir William" but to go to Paris in order to pay his respects in person to Lamartine, who received him very graciously. The great man sent him, moreover, an invitation for his reception days, but he was so much occupied on these occasions by other people that North considered himself neglected, slighted, and at last took offence. "This is no true Republic," he said to himself; and he thereupon resolved to cross the Atlantic.

In the United States, introducing himself as a man who had been driven out of Europe for his political opinions, he was at first well received, and invited to contribute to different periodicals. But he could not write to order; he was unable to fall in with the ways of editors, and his work was sometimes too original for ordinary publications.

I remember a book of his called "The City of the Jugglers, or Free Trade in Souls," in which an animated description of the Exchange is suddenly interrupted by the descent of a balloon, from whose car steps the hero of the tale. Of this strange work not one single copy was sold, which perhaps justified the author in arguing that it had not failed, no one having ever given it a trial. If only one copy had

been sold, he used to say, the purchaser of that copy would have recommended it to his friends, who would have recommended it to other friends, until at last the sale would have been immense. But the want of that first purchaser had spoiled everything.

There was probably a want of consistency in North's talent which, directly or indirectly, prevented that first purchaser from coming forward.

One morning, when I happened to call upon him at his chambers in London, he mentioned to me in a casual sort of way that the night before he had tried to commit suicide. "I took laudanum," he added, "and I suppose took too much."

That was not my view; but I thought it best not to discuss the matter, and tried to change the subject.

He would not have it, however. "If I had died," he went on, "do you think there would have been a review of my poems in the *Times*?"

To discourage him in his suicidal tendencies—which might or might not be serious—I assured him that, in my opinion, the *Times* would not have taken any notice of his poems.

"I suppose not," he replied. "There is a conspiracy of silence against me."

He then took up a penknife, opened it, and again and again made the gesture of stabbing himself to the heart.

As I uttered no protest, he at last threw the

penknife away from him as if in disgust; and I came to the conclusion that, whatever else he might do, North would never commit suicide.

A few years afterwards I was horrified to read in an American paper that North had poisoned himself with prussic acid in an hotel at New York. He was found lying on his bed carefully dressed, and on a table by the bedside was a small paper packet containing a few dollars and bearing the inscription: "My earnings after nine years' literary labour."

A highly laudatory article on the dead poet was written by an American friend, Henry Clapp, who had known him intimately in London and in Paris, who greatly admired him, and who now sincerely grieved for his loss.

After praising him as a poet, Henry Clapp attributed to him, in the epigrammatic style of Émile de Girardin combined with the emphasis of Victor Hugo, qualities which I scarcely think belonged to him.

"He had studied nothing," wrote his old friend, "but knew everything. Without the habit of application, he possessed the gift of intuition. He had only to stand before the Temple of Knowledge for its gates to fly open."

Henry Clapp went back to Paris as correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and other American papers; also, at one time, of a private American gentleman who, to oblige Henry Clapp (he had not a paper to bless himself with just

then), and in unconscious imitation of Catherine of Russia, Frederick the Great, and a certain number of German princes of the eighteenth century, used to take from him weekly a letter on Paris and the Parisians. Henry Clapp was a good correspondent. Such was, I know, the opinion of Horace Greeley, the proprietor and editor of the *New York Tribune*, for he told me so himself. But he had cultivated to a fatal point the art of saying disagreeable things in an innocent manner, and he loved to exercise this suicidal talent upon his superiors in office.

“Yours with due respect,” was the end of a letter full of sarcasm, which he addressed to one of his proprietors.

“‘Due respect’ be damned!” was the reply. “I want no more of your cheek, nor of your letters either.”

Horace Greeley, when his Paris correspondent introduced me to him, asked me what I thought of his hat. I said I thought it wanted brushing.

“Brushing!” he exclaimed; “I never brush it. I’ve worn that hat all across the Atlantic, and I mean to wear it going back.”

He also asked me what *lait* meant, pronouncing it “laite,” and what *pain* was in English, and whether I could tell him the signification of that word “vi-an-de” over the butcher’s shop. I told him (incorrectly) that “vi-an-de,” as he called it, was derived from

the English word “viand” and meant much the same thing.

I afterwards asked Henry Clapp whether his chief had been talking nonsense to me from affectation or from pure ignorance.

“A little of both,” he replied.

Soon after his arrival in Paris the editor and proprietor of the *New York Tribune* asked his correspondent to take him to a “clairvoyante,” whom he questioned as to the position at the time of a deceased relative in whom he was deeply interested. As it could not be supposed that the consultant wished his relative to be in the infernal regions, the “clairvoyante” pronounced for “one of the most favoured seats in the Kingdom of Heaven.” Mr. Greeley made inquiry as to the age and sex of the person concerning whom information was being given, and was told that it related to a man of middle height and middle age. Mr. Greeley, however, had been thinking of a little girl of four.

In an account of the interview with the “clairvoyante” which he sent to the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Greeley declared that the information given to him was in the main correct. His faith in clairvoyance was not to be shaken.

He was a pleasant, genial man, of whom I preserve a happy recollection, notwithstanding his spiritualism, his old hat, and his habit of pronouncing French as though it were English;

and I discovered, quite recently, that he once wrote a clever and agreeable poem.

I made, through Henry Clapp, the acquaintance of another interesting man, Paul Foucher, son-in-law of Victor Hugo, and principal correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*.

He had tried his hand at play-writing, and, not meeting with any great success, had at last given himself up body and soul to journalism. The *Indépendance Belge* paid him 25,000 francs a year, and he certainly earned his money. He got up at six every morning, and was actively employed reading newspapers, paying and receiving visits, and writing letters, until the post went out at seven in the evening. Towards six he would call on Clapp, and communicate to him, by word of mouth, the most interesting points in the despatch he was about to send off to the *Indépendance Belge*. This occupied him about five minutes, and he received £200 a year for it.

Many years after I had lost sight of him I read with regret an announcement in a New York paper of Henry Clapp's death. Among various titles to esteem, he was described as "the introducer of Bohemianism into America." It must have been a very harmless kind of Bohemianism, since, in the first place, Clapp drank neither wine nor beer, nor alcohol in any form. He was not, then, the sort of Bohemian who in a café would have called out to the *dame du comptoir*—

"I have ordered a small glass of brandy six separate times. If you do not propose to serve me—lend me twopence-halfpenny, and I will get it elsewhere."

He was careless, however, took a jocular view of life, and never worked except for the satisfaction of his immediate wants. On one occasion, when he had to appear before the Commissaire of his quarter—for having hung out of his window, to dry in the sun, a piece of carpet on which he had spilt some water—his demeanour was quite worthy of one of Henri Mürger's young men. The indignant Commissaire seemed to regard him as on a level with the offender of whom it was severely said that he had "not only broken every law human and divine, but had contravened section B, clause 113, of the Local Municipal Act."

"*Déclinez vos noms et prénoms,*" began the Commissaire.

"Proper names are not declined," replied Clapp.

"But you are called something or other?"

"I am called many things, but don't always deserve it."

When at last Henry Clapp had been prevailed upon to give his name, the Commissaire questioned him as to his occupation. He was between thirty and forty years of age, which did not prevent him from describing himself as "*étudiant.*"

“ Student of what ? ” asked the Commissaire.

“ Student of women,” was the reply.

“ Sir ! people do not indulge in pleasantry here.”

“ I beg your pardon : I am indulging in pleasantry at this moment.”

Of course Clapp was fined, which might not have happened had he adopted a different tone towards the Commissaire.

But he had had his joke. Like Gogol, he had “ laughed with his bitter laugh.”

Neither North nor Clapp cared more than most Englishmen and Americans care for musical entertainments ; while of music as an art they were both content to remain absolutely ignorant. Most decently educated Englishmen know something of prosody—Latin, if not English. They can tell a “ spondee ” from a “ dactyl ; ” but not two crotchets from a crotchet and two quavers. They all know something of the technology of the turf ; but though they understand the meaning of the word “ handicap,” they cannot say what a “ concerto ” is. Not only is England not a musical nation, it is an anti-musical nation.

Differing in that respect from the English, the French think, perhaps, too much, not of music in general, but of the opera in particular. When in 1849 *Le Prophète* was brought out, the Assembly was deserted during a debate of the first importance by deputies

resolved not to miss a note of Meyerbeer's music. Such a thing could not happen in England. It could, though, if Members of Parliament had to choose between listening to an important debate and witnessing an exciting race. Our favourite sport is not the opera.

I once persuaded an intelligent and cultivated American friend of mine to attend a performance of *Le Prophète* at the Paris Opera House. He was pleased with the representation, and said that, if they would leave out all the music except the march, he would go and see it again.

During my long stay in Paris I often went to the French opera, and still oftener to the Théâtre des Italiens ; and in either case I used, after the performance, to look in at the Café Leblond, in the Passage de l'Opéra, where some of the latest men in Paris congregated ; opera-goers of all kinds, musicians, journalists—Vivier, Davison, if he happened to be in Paris, and a much-esteemed poet of those days, the amiable, too good-natured Pierre Dupont.

There was something of the genuine minstrel—the wandering minstrel—about him. He came from Provins, famous for its roses, and for Hégésippe Moreau ; and arriving one day in Paris, with a couple of songs under his arm, went into a music publisher's shop, sang them and sold them. Then he spent the money, and, according to a local legend, returned to his

home without a sou. Some simple-minded inhabitants of Provins told me that he was looked upon in his native town with wonder and awe, and these were certainly the feelings with which they themselves regarded him. Like a magician, he could turn a few sheets of paper into gold—into those “*Louis d'Or*,” which gave their name to one of the most popular and most romantic of his songs; and, like a maniac, he had no sooner got the money into his hands than he wasted it away. He must have possessed the self-critical as well as the poetical faculty; for the two songs he sold to the music publisher were his two best, and they were in two different, almost opposite styles. The song of the *Louis d'Or* is the story of a young man who is tempted to sell his soul, but reflecting that his soul belongs to the girl he loves, refuses to part with it. It is set to a dreamy, simple strain, whose character suggests the horn—the horn of Vivier, not the Sax-horn. The other one, the song of the Oxen—“*Les Bœufs*”—is a tuneful and animated pastoral, containing a picturesque description of two fine white oxen, marked with red, on whose branching horns small birds will sit; together with a naïve avowal of the affection felt for them by their owner, who loves Jeanne, his wife, but would rather see her die than lose his beasts. The music of both songs became very popular, and their success made it easy for the author (author equally of words and

music) to get his poems published, among which I preserve an agreeable recollection of three very charming ones—“*La Blonde*,” “*La Brune*,” et “*La Châtaine*.”

But how was the writer to live? He had no money of his own. His lyrical fancies would be of no use to him in journalism, and he took but little interest in the affairs of the day.

“Whether Governor Eyre flogged the nigger, or whether the nigger flogged Governor Eyre, I do not care one damn!” exclaimed John Oxenford one day in proposing the health of a friend who had just returned from Jamaica; and Pierre Dupont, in like manner, did not care five centimes which was the best form of Republic, or whether the Empire was worse than the Republic, or the Republic worse than the Empire. Unable to do anything else, he ended at an early age by dying. He ought to have been made librarian at one of the public libraries, but there was probably no vacancy.

Of Gavarni, who was in Paris at this time, I had previously made the acquaintance in London. He was, I believe, a perfect draughtsman, and his graceful figures were all drawn without models. He once showed me some Scottish landscapes, which I thought very charming, and an English harvest scene, of which the colour and the warmth are present to me even now. He must have been born

with a genius for drawing, for he told me that he never received any lessons except as draughtsman in the office of an engineer to whom he was articled.

His favourite study was mathematics. His favourite subjects of conversation, men, women, and books—or rather the authors of books, with Balzac and Alphonse Karr prominent among them.

He once warned me against Paul de Kock as a writer without distinction and without style, and begged me not to read him—which I never did. If I wanted to read comic novels (but I didn't), why did I not try Pigault Le Brun? On this hint I did try Pigault Le Brun, and found him too dull to go on with.

The wit and humour of Alphonse Karr greatly delighted him; and he placed Balzac far above all other novelists. Everyone does so now. But, except perhaps by Gavarni, Théophile Gautier, Stendhal and Heinrich Heine, Balzac's position at the head of novel literature was far from being recognised in the early 'fifties; at a time when Sainte-Beuve was writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of articles on French novelists, and was not ashamed to separate Balzac from those of the first rank.

“Novelists of the second rank: No. 1, M. de Balzac,” was the heading under which Sainte-Beuve's appreciation of Balzac appeared.

Balzac, however, had laughed at Sainte-

Beuve, and his “*Biographies d’Inconnus*,” and had imitated and burlesqued his style in more than one of his novels.

He tried, moreover, to run Gustave Planche against him. But though one of Gustave Planche’s articles—the article on Benjamin Constant’s “*Adolphe*,” reprinted, and bound up in some of the editions of the tale—is probably finer than anything Sainte-Beuve ever wrote, yet Gustave Planche wrote so little that it was impossible for him to keep up any sustained impression on the public. He must have been of a slothful habit of mind, as he certainly was of a slothful habit of body.

I discovered that some of his articles on English literature were mere translations of Sir Walter Scott’s prefaces to editions of standard English authors; and his unwillingness to take the trouble to wash was notorious among his friends.

A lady of his acquaintance asked him to dinner, and, that he might come with clean hands, gave him some tickets for warm baths, which her doctor, she said, had forbidden her to use. He arrived at dinner-time with his hands as dirty as ever. “You didn’t profit by those bath tickets!” said the lady reproachfully, with a severe glance at his hands. “Yes, I took a bath,” replied Gustave Planche, “but I was reading a book all the time, so that my hands did not come in contact with the water.”

"How is Balzac in ordinary conversation?" I once asked Gavarni. "*Il est bête*," was the reply.

"But what do you mean by 'bête'?" I inquired.

"What everyone else means. He had no wit, except pen in hand, and he found it very difficult to get to work. He would cover a sheet of paper with words, and phrases, and sentences, without any particular meaning, just as you have sometimes seen me cover a wood-block with initial letters and fantastic designs of all kinds. Then, when he had once got under weigh, he would go on working for hours without stopping, beginning perhaps in the evening, and working throughout the night."

I always regret not to have asked Gavarni what he knew of Balzac's intimate friend, Charles Rabou, a novelist of the highest talent, who seems to have made the most extraordinary literary failure that ever was heard of; a failure so complete that neither the writer nor his books are now known, even by name. Rabou belonged to the period of Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas the elder, Georges Sand, Jules Sandeau, Frédéric Soulié, Alphonse Karr, Léon Gozlan, Théophile Gautier, Heinrich Heine, etc.

Now, the greatest of these, as novelist, was Balzac; the greatest as poet, Heine; and these two agreed in placing Rabou's novels above all others. They declared their opinion of Rabou, moreover, not only by words, but by deeds,

for Heine read him on his death-bed; while Balzac, in his last illness, entrusted him with the duty of completing his unfinished works.

A writer who could inspire Heine and Balzac with such interest and admiration might well dispense with the applause of the multitude. Still, a little popularity with the purchasing public would probably have been agreeable to him.

In the present day only two of Rabou's novels can be bought, "Le Capitaine Lambert" and "Louise d'Arquien." The one that Heine liked best, "Le Pauvre de Monthléry," has long been out of print, and it is not thought worth while to republish it. A society for the popularisation of Charles Rabou ought to be formed. It would render good service to the reading public, and, well managed, might pay handsome dividends.

Gavarni would speak of ordinary men and women with their characteristic peculiarities, which he loved to observe, in the most objective manner, without the least personal feeling, and as calmly as a naturalist would speak of lions and tigers, doves and pigeons.

"*Il y a une chose qu'on fait beaucoup en France, et qu'on ne fait pas en Angleterre,*" he said to me one day. "*C'est l'adultère.*"

But if the manners and customs of his fellow-creatures, viewed as animals, called forth from him neither praise nor blame, books and pictures, authors and painters, struck him in a more serious

light. He was a kindly cynic, a genial pessimist whose philosophy had taught him that, if the world was very bad, its inhabitants ought to endeavour for that reason to make it tolerable for one another.

Gavarni was a great observer, but his drawings of Englishmen and Englishwomen showed, I think, that he had not succeeded in seizing our English types. He found no costume in England, and he had but little opportunity of studying character. The poor, he said, wore the cast-off clothing of the rich. Applewomen were seen in bonnets, and cobblers in black coats and top hats. For many years past the top hat has been superseded among the working classes by the bowler; but in Gavarni's time it was for men of all classes the only headgear.

All his letters of introduction (for the most part from the Orleans princes) were, he said, for the aristocracy, who were everywhere the same. He found English life very simple, and for that reason liked it. When he praised English cooking I thought at first that he must be joking; but he was in earnest. Our roast beef, he said, was excellent, especially with horseradish, which he had never tasted till he came to England. There were not nearly so many restaurants as in Paris; but he declared that in London at every tavern you could get a well-cooked mutton chop, which in Paris you could get nowhere.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME GREAT MUSICIANS AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

Adolphe Sax and his Breakfasts—The Saxhorn—Vivier—His Emperor Friends—An Envoy Extraordinary—Vivier's Soap-bubbles and the Czar—Vivier's Practical Jokes—His Famous Calf—Berlioz—Vincent Wallace—Verdi—His Operas—His Coloured Plates—Ruskin's Ideas on Music—Tennyson's—Browning's.

ONE of the most interesting musical houses I knew in Paris was that of Adolphe Sax in the Rue St. George. Davison had given me a letter of introduction to him in these words:

“*Je te présente mon ami. . . . Donne lui un bifteck et des œufs sur le plat.*”

Except that pottage was not mentioned, this was indeed a “ticket for soup.” I called with it one morning about eleven, found Sax at home, and was invited forthwith to breakfast. The breakfast consisted of *biftecks*, or rather *filets de bœuf*, cut and cooked in steak fashion, with fried potatoes, followed by *œufs sur le plat*. Very good ordinary Bordeaux was served with the breakfast, and excellent coffee afterwards, accompanied by super-excellent cigars.

Breakfast had scarcely begun when Vieux-temps, the celebrated violinist and his wife came in. Then Jules Lecomte, the “chroniqueur” of the *Indépendance Belge*, who wrote not like Paul Foucher concerning politics and the general

news of the day, but specially about theatres and music. He had produced one or two small pieces at the Théâtre Français; and, what was more important at lunch time, was a very agreeable man.

I "breakfasted" again and again with Adolphe Sax, and had always the same fare—*"un bifteck et des œufs sur le plat."* His friends, he said, knew what to expect, and his cook had got accustomed to these dishes and knew how to prepare them.

He was in his factory soon after six in the morning, superintending the construction of the Saxhorns, Saxophones, Saxotubes, and other instruments of his invention, to which he had given his name; and until eleven he received no visitors.

By eleven he had done four or five hours' good work, and he was then ready to see his friends, especially if they had come to breakfast. On one occasion Vivier turned up. He was the natural enemy of Sax, for Sax, by his system of keys, brought effective horn playing within the reach of ordinary performers, which lessened the immense superiority of Vivier over horn players in general. Vivier, however, was troubled by no considerations of that kind. The Saxhorn, moreover, did not possess the *timbre* of the horn.

I had already met this remarkable engineer, musician, diplomatist, and professor of mystifi-

cation, in London, when he was complaining with facetious bitterness that Mr. Frederic Gye had not sent him a box for one of Angiolina Bosio's touching performances of *La Traviata*.

He had written to the manager explaining that he was ready to shed tears, and that he possessed a pocket handkerchief, but wanted something more. "*J'ai un mouchoir, mais pas de loge,*" he said. Yet his letter was left without a reply. After waiting a day or two, and still receiving no answer, Vivier engaged the dirtiest crossing-sweeper he could find, made him put on a little extra mud, and sent him with a letter to Mr. Gye demanding "the return of his correspondence." The courteous manager of the Royal Italian Opera could scarcely have known that, besides being one of the finest musicians and quite the finest horn player of his day, Eugène Vivier was the most charming of men, and the spoiled child of nearly every Court in Europe. Speaking to me once of the Emperor Napoleon, he said, in answer to a question I had put to him as to Napoleon III.'s characteristics: "He is the most gentlemanly Emperor I know" ("*C'est l'Empereur le plus comme il faut que je connais*").

"What can I do for you?" said this gentlemanly Emperor one day, when Vivier had gone to see him at the Tuilleries.

"Come out on the balcony with me, sire," replied the genial cynic. "Some of my creditors

are sure to be passing, and it will do me good to be seen in conversation with your Majesty."

Besides speaking to him familiarly within view of his creditors, the Emperor Napoleon III. conferred on Vivier several well-paid sinecures. He appointed him "Inspector of Mines," which, from conscientious motives, knowing very little of mining, Vivier never inspected; and he was once accused by a facetious journal of having received the post of "Librarian to the Forest of Fontainebleau," with its multitudinous leaves.

There were only two other Emperors at that time in Europe, and to one of them, the Emperor of Austria, Vivier was sent on a certain occasion with despatches—not, I fancy, in the character of Vely Pacha's secretary, the only quasi-diplomatic post he held, but partly to facilitate his travelling, and partly, it may be, for some private political reason. Instead of being delayed, questioned, and searched at the frontier, as generally happened in those days—the days before 1859—Vivier was treated by the Custom House officials, and by the police, with all possible respect; and journeying as an honoured personage—an emissary from the Emperor of the French—he in due time reached Vienna, where, hastening to the palace, he made known the object of his visit. It seems quite possible that the despatches carried by Vivier may have possessed particular importance, and that Napoleon III. had motives of his own for not

forwarding them through the ordinary diplomatic channels. Vivier had, in any case, been instructed to deliver them to the Emperor in person—one of those Emperors whom he numbered among his private acquaintances.

A Court Chamberlain had hurried out to receive the distinguished messenger, ready after a due interchange of compliments to usher him into the Imperial presence.

“Your Excellency!” began the Chamberlain, in the most obsequious manner.

“I am not an Excellency!” replied Vivier.

“General, then—Monsieur le Général?”

“I am not a General!”

“Colonel, perhaps, and aide-de-camp to his Imperial Majesty?”

“I am not in the army. I have no official rank—no rank of any kind whatever.”

“Good heavens! then what are you?” exclaimed the Chamberlain, indignant with himself for having treated as high-born and high-placed one who was apparently a mere nobody.

“I am a musician,” said Vivier.

Bounding with rage, the Court functionary made an unbecoming gesture, such as Mephistopheles, according to the stage directions, should make in one of the passages of Goethe’s *Faust*.

“Very well, my friend,” said Vivier to himself, “I will tell the Emperor of your rude behaviour; I will get you rapped on the

knuckles" ("*Je t'en ferai donner sur les doigts*"); and the uncourtly courtier was, in fact, severely reprimanded.

At St. Petersburg Vivier took such liberties with the Emperor Nicholas that, if half the stories told of that monarch were true, the imprudent Frenchman would have been arrested, knouted, and sent to Siberia.

He had just brought to perfection the art of blowing soap bubbles. The whole secret of his process consisted, as he one informed me, in mixing with the soap-suds a little gum. Using a solution of soap and gum, he was able to produce bubbles of such size and solidity that they floated in the air for an almost indefinite time, like so many small balloons. In order to entertain the St. Petersburg public, Vivier would, in the most benevolent manner, take his seat at an open window, and blow his gigantic and many-coloured bubbles, until these prodigies of aëros-tation had attracted a multitude of lookers-on. The delighted crowd applauded with enthusiasm. Vivier rose from his seat and bowed. Then the applause was renewed, and Vivier blew larger and brighter bubbles than before.

One evening, or rather afternoon, the rays of the setting sun were illuminating a number of iridescent balloons floating high above the point where the Nevsky Prospect runs into the Admiralty Square, when the Emperor Nicholas drove past, or tried to do so—for his progress

was interrupted at every step by the density of the crowd.

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked the Emperor Nicholas.

“It is M. Vivier blowing his soap bubbles,” replied the aide-de-camp in attendance.

“What! Vivier, the French musician, who played the horn so wonderfully the other night at the Winter Palace, and afterwards entertained us so much with his conversation?”

“The same, sire.”

“Go to him, then, and tell him that I should be glad if he would choose some other time for his soap-bubble performances. How wonderful they are!”

The aide-de-camp forced his way through the crowd, went upstairs to Vivier’s apartments, and told him that the Emperor desired him not to give his exhibition of soap bubbles at half-past three in the afternoon, that being the time when his Majesty usually went for a drive.

Vivier took out a pocket-book, consulted it carefully, and, turning to the aide-de-camp, said with the utmost gravity, “That is the only hour I have disengaged.”

Vivier, meanwhile, had had his joke; and his exhibition of soap bubbles, or rather of gum-and-soap balloons, was now discontinued.

The horn-playing performance to which the Emperor Nicholas had made reference was marked by one strange, marvellous, almost

inexplicable peculiarity. The player sounded on his instrument, simultaneously, a chord of four notes. To produce at the same time four different notes from one and the same tube seems, and must be, an impossibility. But Vivier did it, and the fact was certified to by Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Adolphe Adam, and other musicians of eminence.

The only possible explanation of the matter is that Vivier executed a very rapid arpeggio, so that the four notes which apparently were heard together were, in fact, heard one after the other. The effect, however, was not that of an arpeggio, but of a chord of four different notes played simultaneously on four different instruments. Besides astonishing the learned by his four-note performance, Vivier would sometimes mystify his friends, learned and unlearned, by pretending that in a side room he had three other horn-players with him, when he was, in fact, alone.

Both for home and for out-of-doors use the mystifications practised by Vivier were as numerous as they were varied. In an omnibus, when some grave old lady had just risen from her seat, Vivier would assume an expression of the utmost astonishment, and suddenly take from the place where she had been sitting an egg, which meanwhile he had been concealing up his sleeve.

Or, asked to pass a coin to the conductor, he would gravely put it into his pocket. A well-

dressed, well-bred gentleman, of charming manners, could scarcely be suspected of any intention to misappropriate a two-sous piece. But it interested Vivier to see what, in the circumstances, the lawful owner of the coin would do. On one occasion Vivier in an omnibus alarmed his fellow passengers by pretending to be mad. He indulged in the wildest gesticulations, and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon by acclamation to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed when suddenly he broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor and began to eat the other half himself. It was made of chocolate!

Vivier could not bear to see people in a hurry. According to him, there was nothing in life worth hurrying for; and, living on the Boulevard just opposite the Rue Vivenne, he was much annoyed at seeing so many persons hastening, towards six o'clock, to the post office on the Place de la Bourse. He determined to pay them out, and for that purpose bought a calf, which he took up to his apartments at night and exhibited the next afternoon at a few minutes before six o'clock, in the balcony of his second floor. In spite of their eagerness to catch the post, many persons could not help stopping to look at the calf. Soon a crowd collected and messengers stayed their steps in order to gaze at the unwonted apparition. Six o'clock struck,

and soon after a number of men who had missed the post returned in an irritated condition, and, stopping before Vivier's house, shook their fists at him. Vivier went down to them, and asked the meaning of this insolence.

"We were not shaking our fists at you," replied the angered ones, "but at that calf."

"Ah! you know him then?" returned Vivier. "I was not aware of it."

In time Vivier's calf became the subject of a legend, according to which the animal (still in Vivier's apartments) grew to be an ox, and so annoyed the neighbours by his lowing that the proprietor of the house insisted on its being sent away. Vivier told him to come and take it, when it was found that the calf of other days had grown to such a size that it was impossible to get it downstairs.

This calf was not the only animal that Vivier turned to jocular account. In London, when I first made his acquaintance, he had put out to board in a house in one of the streets out of Regent Street a cock, to which he pretended to be tenderly attached. He paid eighteenpence a week for its keep, and when from time to time he visited it would ask the landlady to leave him alone with the bird, as though he had some important communication to make to it.

Then sobs would be heard, and after a few minutes Vivier would rush frantically out of the house with his handkerchief to his eyes—the

same handkerchief, perhaps, to which he made reference in his letter to Mr. Gye, when he declared himself the possessor of “*un mouchoir, mais pas de loge.*”

Berlioz, with his passion for brass instruments, was, of course, a friend of Sax’s. When I first met Berlioz, he had just produced at our Royal Italian Opera, without success, his *Benvenuto Cellini*. “*Toujours original!*”—as Heine exclaimed when Berlioz came to see him during his last illness—he invited his friends to supper in commemoration of the performance. Berlioz knew that he had not written inartistic nonsense; and though his failure must have vexed him, there was nothing in it to be ashamed of. The art he professed was, according to his own definition, “the art of moving by sequences and combinations of sounds intelligent men endowed with special and cultivated faculties;” and the number of “intelligent men endowed with special and cultivated faculties” may have been small that night at the Royal Italian Opera.

A writer for the stage, whether of operas or plays, ought, all the same, to be able to “move” a mixed audience—which may sometimes be accomplished by following the precept of the manager in the Prologue to *Faust*, and presenting something for everyone. Remove from Berlioz’s *Damnation de Faust* the charming “Dance of the Sylphs,” which forms no part of the Faust story, and the borrowed “Rakoczy

March," which has nothing whatever to do with it, and the popularity of the cantata would at once disappear.

"What," asked Alphonse Karr one day, "can it matter to me whether the artisans and small tradesmen, who form the bulk of most theatrical audiences, like my work or not?"

Why, then, address them?—as this delightful writer made more than once the mistake of doing.

They can all, moreover, be moved by appeals to the heart. To be touched in this way, no "special faculties," whether in the dramatic or musical line, are necessary.

I met Berlioz again in Paris, where he was often at Sax's, and constantly in the society of Vincent Wallace, whose acquaintance he had made in London. He knew Wallace's compositions only through hearing Wallace himself play them on the piano. But he thought highly of them, as also did many other of Wallace's French friends; and Berlioz tells us in one of his books that the management of the Paris Opera House was about to entrust Wallace with a libretto when suddenly he left Europe.

Wallace being essentially a composer of melodies (and sometimes very graceful ones), Berlioz ought not to have valued him much as an operatic composer. But who carries his artistic principles into private life? Was not Liszt chiefly known as an arranger of airs

extracted from the very operas which Wagner loathed? But this in no way prevented his being adopted into the “Liszt-Wagner” combination.

Wallace was an agreeable man, a delightful talker; and his stories of his own adventures in outlandish parts were not made less interesting by the fantastic details with which, in the ardour of narration, he sometimes adorned them. His gorgeous tales of life in South America, his picturesque legends of adventures in the wilder regions of Australia, made a deep impression on Berlioz, who has reproduced one of Wallace’s Australian romances in language as glowing as that of Wallace himself.

It was at Paris that I saw for the first time Verdi, who had come to the Théâtre des Italiens to conduct the first performances in France of his *Trovatore*—a work unknown at that time out of Italy. What an impression it made, and how perfectly it was sung! Rarely before had an opera been heard so full of beautiful melodies, and for the most part strikingly dramatic. Never before had an opera of Verdi’s been presented with so perfect a cast—in the women’s parts, Madame Frezzolini and Madame Borghi-Mamo; in the men’s parts, Baucardé and Graziani—who the year following, and for very many years afterwards, was engaged at the Royal Italian Opera in London.

Vincent Wallace went with me one night

to hear it, when what chiefly pleased him was the delightful singing of Borghi-Mamo, especially in the melodious duet of the last act for Azucena and Manrico. "Every note that falls from her lips," he said, "is a drop of honey."

How often—how much too often—did I afterwards hear *Il Trovatore* in London, where it was received by the public with enthusiasm, by the Press with the usual revilings. The work was too full of melody—of "tune"—not to be called vulgar; and when it had been played at half-a-dozen different theatres the time had evidently arrived for dismissing it as "hackneyed."

Mr. E. T. Smith arranged an equestrian performance of the work at Astley's; and he announced, but without being able to carry his design into execution, a double performance of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. Parallel with the ordinary stage was to be an upper one, and on the two stages *Il Trovatore* was to be played by two different companies at the same time.

The second time I saw Verdi was in London, at the Albert Hall, where some twenty years later he was conducting his Manzoni "Requiem," with Masini as tenor, and with Medini, Madame Stolz and Madame Weldmann in the three other parts. Afterwards at Milan, when *Otello* was being brought out; and, two years afterwards, at Genoa, where I called upon him at the Palazzo Doria.

The magnificent old Palazzo is, I am afraid, let out in flats. Verdi, in any case, received me in a room on the first floor.

I had been told that he did not care to talk on musical subjects, and that he made a point of never having a piano in his room. He had, however, a piano in his room ; and one of the first things he said to me was :

“ Did you hear *Otello* at Milan ? What did you think of the new prima donna, and how did she sing the *Ave Maria* ? ”

I was glad to see that he was natural. It would have been mere affectation to pretend that he took no interest in his last opera, which the Scala had just revived.

I was unable to give a very favourable account of the new prima donna ; and the tenor, who was singing in place of Tamagno—the original Othello—had, the night I heard him, been suffering from a cold.

“ The imprudent man ! ” exclaimed Verdi. “ A dangerous thing for any vocalist to sing in such circumstances, but for a delicate-voiced tenor quite possibly fatal.”

“ And Maurel ? ” he asked.

“ Admirable as always,” I replied ; and I told him of a curious scene I had witnessed between Maurel and a friend of mine who wished to engage both him and Tamagno for some performances of *Otello* to be given in London.

“ ‘My terms,’ ” said Maurel, “ ‘will be the same as Monsieur Tamagno’s. If Monsieur Tamagno asks two thousand francs a night, then I will sing for two thousand francs. If Monsieur Tamagno asks ten thousand francs a night, then my terms will be the same.’ ”

Ten thousand francs a night was, as Maurel knew, precisely the price that Tamagno was asking. Maurel’s fee at the Scala had been only two thousand francs, for which reason Maurel hated Tamagno much as Iago hated Othello : Iago, the superior in intellect, hating Othello the superior in position.

Maurel then expatiated on the general imbecility of tenors, and by implication on his own superiority to such people.

“ ‘When God,’ ” he said, “ ‘has created a perfect idiot, He says to him: You shall be a tenor!’ ”

Maurel talked eloquently and wittily, but not reasonably ; and nothing, he declared, would induce him to accept less than was paid to Tamagno.

“ So like Maurel ! ” said Verdi. “ The baritone may, of course, be a better artist than the tenor, and Maurel is infinitely more intelligent than Tamagno. But the diamond is more valuable than other stones, not because it is more beautiful, but because it is more rare.”

I told Verdi that his *Attila* was announced at the Genoa Opera House for that evening, and that I was going to hear it.

"Pray, do not!" he said. "It will be badly sung. I have nothing to do with the performance, but I am sure it would not please you; and, if you are really interested in my music, I must ask you to stay away."

I, of course, did not go, though I wished to hear the celebrated phrase which, in the days before 1859, used to send the Italians wild with patriotic excitement: "*Avrai tu l'universo, resti l'Italia à me!*"

There might, too, have been other things in the opera worth hearing, though *Attila* is well known not to be one of Verdi's finest works.

I asked Verdi if he knew when Boito's *Nerone* would be finished.

"No," he replied; "neither I nor anyone else."

"Two years ago," I said, "when you were bringing out *Otello* at Milan, he told me that he had composed twice as much music as would be wanted, and that the work would be ready for production in two years. Now he tells me that it will not be ready for another three years."

"And three years hence," replied Verdi, "he will say four years. It is a sad thing for a composer to be so fastidious. Art," he continued, "is an inspiration, not a labour. There are always some little black specks in one's work which it is impossible to get rid of; but perpetual erasure does no good. One must hope to be more successful with the next piece."

"I am told," I said, "by an intimate friend of Boito's, that his opera begins with a scene in unaccompanied recitative for some of the subordinate characters, and that no instrumental music is heard until suddenly Nero rushes in to an impetuous orchestral accompaniment."

"If the opera began that way some years ago, you may be sure," he replied, "that it begins in that way no longer. That, indeed, is the one way in which it is certain not to begin. As for myself," he went on, "I know nothing whatever about *Nerone*. Boito is a great friend of mine, and I am sure he would tell me, if I were to ask him. But it would pain him were I to question him on the subject."

Verdi gains much money and spends but little; he gives it away. Already he has established at his own expense a school of music and an asylum for impoverished musicians.

Rossini bequeathed a large sum of money for the endowment of a musical academy at his native Pesaro. But Verdi endows artistic and purely benevolent institutions during his lifetime. Verdi, however, must have made something like fifty times as much as Rossini. The largest fee Rossini ever received in Italy was £200 for *Semiramide*. Ricordi paid Verdi £10,000 for *Otello*.

There are no signs, however, in Verdi's abode of the wealth he is known to possess. No artistic furniture, none of the beautifully

framed mirrors for which his country is famous, none of the tastefully bound books in which Boito delights; no statues, no busts, no statuettes; no paintings, not even a water-colour sketch.

Verdi, indeed, seemed to care nothing for pictures, of which I noticed both negative and positive proofs; for there were no pictures in his drawing-room, while the walls of the passage leading to the drawing-room were lined with coloured engravings from the Christmas numbers of our English illustrated journals. As I looked at them he said to me:

“Presents from friends. A great number of them are sent to me every year at Christmas time.”

I was glad to think that he had so many friends in England, and that he attached value to their offerings. But it was evident that the composer of so many fine operas had no taste in the matter of painting—about as much as Ruskin had in connection with music.

A friend of mine, a sound musician and highly capable writer on things musical, had a long and unedifying conversation one day with Ruskin about music and the possibility of establishing rules for its appreciation. My friend quoted the reply made by Beethoven when Goethe asked him to express his views on some question of musical aesthetics:

“Go and hear my symphonies.”

That was no answer; but it was the only

answer to be expected from a great creative musician who expressed in music what he thought and felt. On another occasion Ruskin discussed the merits of a particular piece of music, and this time made the mistake of committing his views to paper.

“DEAR MR. HALLÉ” (he wrote)—

“You were sorry because I liked that ‘Home, Sweet Home’ better than Beethoven, having expected better sympathy from me. But how could you—with all your knowledge of your art and of men’s minds? Believe me, you cannot have sympathy from any untaught person respecting the higher nobleness of composition . . . but I want to tell you, nevertheless, why I liked that H. S. H. I do *not* care about the air of it. I have no doubt it is what you say it is—sickly and shallow. But I did care about hearing about a million of low notes in perfect cadence and succession of sweetness. I never recognised before so many notes in a given brevity of moment, all sweet and helpful. I have often heard glorious harmonies and inventive and noble succession of harmonies, but I never in my life heard a variation like that. Also, I had not before been close enough to see your hands, and the invisible velocity was wonderful to me, quite unspeakably, merely as human power.”

That some general artistic faculty underlies special artistic faculties seems probable enough, so many examples are there of transmitted artistic faculty showing itself in a new artistic form. The son of Farjeon the novelist is a composer; the son of Browning the poet is a painter; the son of Hallé the pianist is a painter; the son of Frith the painter is a dramatist. But painters, as a rule, do not occupy themselves much with music,

nor musicians with painting, nor writers (critics excepted) with either painting or music. Let us hope, however, that most great writers have better taste in music than Ruskin, and most great composers better taste in painting than Verdi.

Shakespeare had the deepest and most exquisite feeling for music; but there is nothing to show that he was practically or theoretically a musician.

Tennyson, the author of so many musical lines, can never have occupied himself with music as an art. One of his best-known songs, moreover, known largely in connection with its popular musical setting, opens with a line that is not musical at all.

How should "*Come into the Garden, Maud!*" be scanned?

"*Come into the garden*" is, as the phrase is usually spoken, by no means rhythmical.

In Balfe's musical setting the accent is on the first syllable—"Come;" but anyone reading the whole stanza will see that the poet means it to fall on the second syllable—"in." The poet's placing of the accent, however, is wilful, arbitrary, quite unusual.

In another part of "*Maud*," Tennyson has been criticised for making his orchestra (at the ball) consist of "flute, violin, bassoon." Let "violin," however, stand for the various instruments of the violin family, and there is nothing

to say against the combination. It is, indeed, a very happy one.

Tennyson must, of course, have cared for fine painting; but there is not much in his poems to show that he did. Gustave Doré he certainly did not appreciate, and when Doré began to illustrate "*The Idylls of the King*" Tennyson did not even know him by name.

"I wonder what they are going to do with my '*Idylls*' next," he said to a friend of mine. "They have now got a man called 'Dore' (without accent) to illustrate them."

I never had the honour of meeting Tennyson. On the other hand, I have frequently had the pleasure of being in the society of Browning, at dinners and luncheons, in town and country—if Richmond and Greenwich can be called country; at entertainments of various kinds, including afternoon parties.

I was interested to see that a man could be a great poet and yet occupy himself with ordinary things. At one of the Richmond dinners I sat opposite Browning, while on his right-hand side was a faithful and appreciative French critic, who had evidently resolved to study him psychologically and gastronomically, as well as in his literary and poetical character. A few days afterwards I met admirer and admired at the house of the lady who had entertained us at Richmond, and the friendly relations between the two were precisely those which may

well exist in the case of a great poet whose place on the sacred mount is already fixed and a fervent worshipper who wishes to know him as well as he can be known, to understand him as well as he can be understood.

There are persons who pretend not to understand Browning. But they may be classed with the man who asked Goethe whether in one of his lines there was not a little obscurity; to which Goethe replied by inquiring whether there might not be something wrong with the gentleman's light? It was not in order to get at the verbal meaning of the poet's verses that Browning's sympathetic eulogist stayed with him and went about with him everywhere. He had studied the poet; he wished to study the man.

One evening at Greenwich Browning himself figured in the character of admirer, the admired one being Ellen Terry. I thought she looked particularly charming that night, and so certainly thought Browning.

As we were coming back in the train, "How wonderfully young Miss Terry looked this evening!" I said. "She has, indeed, the gift of youth."

This remark seemed to vex the poet's soul.

"Why consider her age at all?" he said. "A woman is pretty, vivacious, charming—and you want to know how old she is!"

I had said nothing of the kind; but

Browning was annoyed at not being in the same train with Miss Terry.

Browning, like Milton, delighted in fair women and fine music; witness, as regards Milton, the poem he addressed to Leonora Baroni, the famous singer: "*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.*

Equally with Milton, Browning was a sound musician, while his knowledge of musical works was such as, apart from serious composers, very very few practical musicians possess. I never heard Browning play, but Sir Charles Hallé, who knew him well, used to say that he understood music and the execution of music too well not to be himself a good performer.

As regards Browning's interest in women, he did not confine it to the young. (Again that question of age!) When an old lady, at whose house I used sometimes to meet him, fell ill, he not only went to see her, but read to her for hours together. Her friends used to think that she invited Browning only as a celebrity; but she liked him as a man, admired him as a poet, and knew his works.

She told me, however, that it was not his own works he used to read to her, except when she particularly asked him to do so.

CHAPTER VII.

HANS VON BÜLOW AND OTHER PIANISTS.

A Vain Man and a Modest Man—Von Bülow as a Pianist—As a Conductor—His Revenge on Chickering—At a Glasgow Amateur's—His Views of Verdi—An Unfavourable Criticism—Rubinstein—His Favourite Master—Pachmann—Paderewski—How to Manage a Musician.

THE first time I met Hans von Bülow he was listening to a story told by Joachim of a very vain singer, who, having given a concert at an inferior hall, and being asked why he had not taken the best in the place, replied that the hall at which he had appeared became the best from the fact of his appearing in it.

“How different,” said Bülow, “from a man I used to know; the most modest person, without exception, that I was ever acquainted with. He was travelling one day in a first-class carriage, when the ticket collector pointed out to him that he had only a third-class ticket. “The carriage becomes third-class,” replied my friend, “from the fact of my travelling in it.”

I spoke to Bülow in English, when he replied in perfect French that his education had been neglected to such a point that he had not yet acquired the English language.

Without being absolutely witty, he was amusing and agreeable; and I was astonished to hear a few days afterwards that he was, at

times, one of the surliest and sharpest-tongued men that it was possible to meet.

He was probably in one of his bad moods when, finding that a testimonial was being got up in honour of a very popular musician, he entered his name on the subscription list in the following terms :

“ To Sir Julius Benefit, from Hans von Bülow ; Sixpence.”

He did not like miscellaneous concerts in the Benedict style, given without order or plan, simply with a view to the sale of tickets, and he was himself so careless about money that he never carried any ; letting his business agent pay for what he wanted, as he happened to require it. Something at last occurred which must, I fear, have cured him of his princely indifference on the subject of pounds, shillings and pence, and of his too absolute confidence in the keeper of his purse.

Dr. Hans von Bülow was an intelligent and even an intellectual pianist, with a great knowledge of music, a hard touch, and an eccentric disposition. He could not play a nocturne of Chopin with the softness and delicacy of Vladimir de Pachmann ; but, as regards energy and brain-power, he was to Pachmann as a giant to a pygmy.

There are no Music Doctors in Germany, with the exception of a few amiable men who have been induced to accept honorary degrees at Oxford or Cambridge—Joachim, for

instance, and Max Bruch ; and Hans von Bülow was a Doctor, not of Music, but of Law. After graduating at the University of Leipzig, he hesitated to adopt the learned profession for which he had been educated ; and Liszt, to whom he had played as an amateur, having assured him that he possessed genuine talent, he resolved to become a pianist by profession. He was an intimate friend and passionate admirer of Wagner, and he married the daughter of Liszt, who hated Wagner and all his works until her husband introduced him to her. Then a sudden change took place in her feelings towards the composer. She deserted Bülow, and as soon as a divorce could be obtained became Wagner's wife.

Besides being an admirable pianist, Hans von Bülow was a remarkably fine conductor. He had often, no doubt, discussed the art with the author of "*Über das Dirigiren*," one of Wagner's most interesting treatises ; and he has in practice given abundant proof of his power to mould an orchestra to his will. He directed for some time the Glasgow winter concerts, and while doing so made himself remarkable by his satirical attacks upon Mr. August Manns, of the Crystal Palace, who had somehow offended him, or with whom, in any case, he had taken offence. Once, after announcing for production a new work, which he afterwards found was about to be given at the Crystal Palace, he suddenly

withdrew it, saying that at the first rehearsal he had found it "unworthy of being presented to an intelligent audience."

On another occasion, after conducting at Berlin a magnificent performance of the march in *Le Prophète*, he informed the public that they had now heard Meyerbeer's March played as it ought to be played, and not therefore as it was given at the Royal Opera House, where both orchestra and conductor were "fit only for a circus." As punishment for this outburst, all access to the Opera was denied him. He might have replied in the words of Saphir, the Viennese critic, who, forbidden to enter some theatre, observed that to refuse him admittance was nothing, but that having once got him inside, to keep him there would be cruelty indeed.

During a tour in America, Dr. von Bülow distinguished himself by an act of open revolution against the tyranny of one of the great "piano barons" into whose service he had entered. Rubinstein, visiting the United States a few years earlier, had received from Steinway £4,000 on the understanding that he was to play exclusively on Steinway pianos; and it was suggested to Bülow that he might obtain an equally large sum if, in like manner, he would pledge himself to perform on Chickering pianos alone—Chickering being to Steinway in the pianistic world of the United States much

what Sonzogno is to Ricordi in the music-publishing world of Italy. Bülow stipulated that, before coming to any agreement on the subject, he should be enabled to make the intimate acquaintance of the instrument recommended to his notice, and a fine Chickering was sent to him at Ventnor, where he was then staying. After a trial of some weeks, he declared himself thoroughly satisfied with his new piano, and, in consideration of the promised sum of money, agreed to perform upon it exclusively during his American tour. The Chickering's thought, not unnaturally, that the obligation contracted by Dr. von Bülow to restrict himself to their pianos carried with it a right on their part to announce the fact; and at the opening concert they caused a large board to be affixed to the piano with the maker's name painted upon it in gigantic letters. This reminder that he had placed himself in a state of servitude towards Piano-Baron Chickering, and that he was playing upon Chickering's pianos simply in order to advertise them, filled his heart with rage. He at once determined what to do, and, after taking counsel with the violinist and vocalist of the party, went on to the platform, unhooked the board inscribed with the name of Chickering, threw it to the ground and stamped upon it. The violinist solemnly kicked it, and finally the vocalist danced upon it. The second part of the concert was then proceeded with.

Often disagreeable (chiefly as the result of terrible headaches), Hans von Bülow could, with those he loved, be most charming. For a certain intimate friend with whom he habitually stayed when he was at Glasgow he was ready to do anything; and to oblige him he consented one day to accompany him to a large and formal dinner party—a kind of entertainment for which he had no taste. No sooner was the dinner at an end than the lady of the house asked Bülow to play.

“I ate so little!” replied Chopin plaintively on a like occasion.

Bülow, however, went to the piano without a word; but he only played a very short piece, frowning and scowling the whole time.

“What do you think of my piano?” asked the hostess.

“Your piano, madam,” replied Bülow, still polite, “leaves something to be desired.”

“Indeed!” pursued the imprudent lady.
“And what ought I to have done to it?”

“In the first place, it wants new wires.”

“It shall have them.”

“Then the hammers need new leather.”

“They shall have it.”

“And after that, to the leather there must be new hammers.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes, madam, and I should next advise you to open the window and get two strong men

to throw your piano into the street and make a bonfire of it!"

When Verdi produced his fine "Requiem" in memory of Manzoni, Bülow attacked it violently and contemptuously, saying, among other insulting things, that "*opéra bouffe* was out of place in a cathedral." Some years afterwards Bülow heard the "Requiem" again, and a little tired, it may be, of the complications of Wagner's music, took pleasure in Verdi's beautiful and expressive melodies. He thereupon wrote to the composer, saying that he repented deeply of all he had written against his admirable work, which he now regarded as a masterpiece. With characteristic modesty, not untouched by humour, Verdi replied, that if Dr. von Bülow was right now, he must certainly have been wrong when he wrote the criticism which he at present repudiated.

"But who knows, after all," he continued, "whether your first judgment was not the true one?"

Bülow detested his own popularity in the forms which it sometimes took. People annoyed him by bowing to him in the street, and even speaking to him when he was in no way acquainted with them. One day a lady went up to him in one of the streets of Berlin and opened a conversation.

"I lay anything, Herr Doctor," she said after a time, "that you do not know who is speaking to you."

“ You win your bet, madam ! ” replied Bülow, bowing and walking rapidly away.

So sensitive was Hans von Bülow to musical impressions that if beautiful music caused him exquisite enjoyment, bad music upset his whole nervous system, and produced such effects as are usually brought about by irritating and repulsive food. A curious instance of this was cited to me by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who went one day with Bülow to hear a certain piece which its composer had expressed an ardent desire to play to the great pianist. Bülow listened, turned pale, then turned green—the music was revoltingly commonplace—and at last rushed out into the street and vomited on the pavement.

Rubinstein was a man of less general cultivation than Hans von Bülow ; but he was a more impressive pianist, with more softness and also more power. I have heard accomplished musicians (Charles Salaman, for instance—perfect pianist, as well as admirable composer) declare that Bülow could not play at all ; which may have been only another way of saying that he had a hard touch, and not a perfectly smooth legato. Rubinstein was sometimes charged with aiming at too much, of attempting to turn the piano into an orchestra ; but very few would have ventured to say that he could not play.

“ How does Jaell play ? ” a friend of mine said to Rubinstein one day.

“ Like a woman,” he answered.

“ And Madame Jaell ? ”

“ Like a man.”

“ And you yourself ? ”

“ Like a bull.”

This last reply showed that he had a tolerably just appreciation of his own style. He could play, however, in his gentler moments with wonderful charm.

I have often heard Rubinstein in private houses, where, under pretence of being summoned to a game of whist, he would be brought into a room in which a fine piano had been left open. Calling himself a passionate whist player, he took no interest in the game unless he had a pretty woman for a partner, and two pretty women for antagonists. But after a game or two the open piano would be sure to attract him from the card table ; and then, playing of his own accord and because he was in the mood, he would play divinely. It was better, however, not to ask him.

The old story, in fact, of Tigellius, who would not sing when he was asked, but, if once he began, could not be prevailed upon to leave off.

No one ever wanted Rubinstein to leave off.

Rubinstein, when he first came to England, spoke but little English, and he never was a great conversationalist. The same Glasgow amateur who used to entertain Hans von Bülow

was also on several occasions the host of Rubinstein ; and he once endeavoured to make his guest express his views in regard to various composers.

“ Who is your favourite master ? ” he said, and as Rubinstein made no answer he added suggestively—“ Mendelssohn ? ”

“ No, ” answered Rubinstein ; and he went on puffing his cigar.

After a long pause, my friend, who had been questioning himself as to what Rubinstein’s special musical proclivities could be, said to him : “ Wagner ? ”

“ Still less, ” replied Rubinstein as he lighted a fresh cigar.

“ Does not care for Mendelssohn, and thinks still less of Wagner ! ” reflected my friend. “ The Mendelssohnians hate Wagner, and the Wagnerites affect to despise Mendelssohn. Rubinstein has not much admiration for either of them. Let me try again.”

Then, after thinking for a few minutes, he suddenly exclaimed :

“ Beethoven ? ”

“ That is my man, ” said Rubinstein. “ And now, ” he added, “ good-night ; and thank you much for your agreeable conversation.”

I was first introduced to Rubinstein by one of his pupils, who was about to pay him a parting visit. He was on the point of returning to Russia.

We found a number of enthusiastic students assembled, all intent on taking of the revered, the beloved master an affectionate farewell. They stared at the lady who had come in with me, looked her up and down, smiled with a kind of sneer and scowled with a suggestion of astonishment at her audacity in venturing to call.

Rubinstein was talking to a well-known writer, and assuring him that he never read the papers; though I could see in the adjoining room, the door of which was partly open, that the floor was covered with them. I found him very agreeable, the more so, perhaps, because I had been asked by an eminent prima donna to tell him how much she admired the opening phrase of the movement of one of his symphonies which she had just heard.

“Yes,” said Rubinstein; “I have always been told that Madame Albani was no ordinary prima donna. She takes an interest in her art, and appreciates fine music when she hears it.”

The farewell scene with the students was very touching, and several of them wept.

“*Sie haben geweint!*” said Rubinstein to a German friend, after seeing the weeping ones out. Their grief had evidently pleased him.

Then turning towards me, he asked if I understood German.

“A little,” I replied. He looked uneasy, and did not inquire whether I knew the verb *weinen*.

The Russians are proud of Rubinstein, and,

in spite of his Hebrew origin, look upon him as one of themselves. Pachmann, on the other hand, born in Russia but of Jewish race, they seem by no means eager to claim.

“Il est Juif, Polonais, Allemand, tout ce que vous voulez,” said Madame Essipoff to me one day; *“seulement, il n'est pas Russe.”*

Bülow, man of intellect, would have had but a poor opinion of him; for Pachmann, though he has a soft, delicate, velvety touch, and plays some of Chopin's Nocturnes in all possible perfection, is scarcely a man of intelligence.

In Paderewski we again find the man of brains. He has genuine observation, and he once explained to me in the most satisfactory manner certain points in the demeanour of his countrymen, the Poles. I had spoken to him of the gentlemanly bearing of the Poles in all classes of society.

“In England,” he said, “you have many different types of character. But in Poland we have only one type, or at least only one ideal. Every Pole wishes to have the manners of a Zamoyski or a Czartoryski; and they all seem to remember that each of their ancestors might have aspired to the throne of Poland.”

To make Paderewski play, the same method may be pursued which used to be found so effective in the case of Rubinstein—except that no whist need be introduced. Don't ask him, but behave nicely towards him; and in

friendly, appreciative company he will certainly go to the open piano and begin playing, just as Joan of Arc was sure, when she saw her armour in the prison, to put it on.

Pope Pius IX., when Liszt went to stay with him at the Vatican, adopted precisely the same plan. It is of universal application.

At a large party where much singing and playing is going on, the pianist of eminence is more difficult to deal with. Ask him to play, and he will perhaps be annoyed to think that he has not been invited for his society alone. Don't ask him to play, and he will say to himself that his talent is not appreciated.

A lady of the highest position as pianist once accepted an invitation to spend the evening at my house. She had been asked for her own sake, and not that she might entertain the company without charge; and I explained this to several guests who were anxious to hear her play. At last one of them, getting by chance into conversation with the eminent pianist, and not recognising her, said: "I hear that Madame Trois Etoiles is in the room, and our host is so absurd that he declines absolutely to ask her to play."

Thereupon Madame Trois Etoiles came straight to me, and, with a smile of true amiability on her face, said, "*Voulez-vous un peu de musique?*"

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ENTERPRISING PUBLISHER.

How Tinsley came to Town—His Lecture on “Pop”—The Appreciative Broughs—Tinsley’s First Enterprise—The Purchase and Production of “Lady Audley’s Secret”—Clarissa Harlowe’s Connection with the Duke of Wellington—Tinsley’s Sporting Methods—His First Dinner Party and its Dress Rehearsal—The Secret of his Success.

ONE of the most interesting and most amiable of men was Edward Tinsley, the publisher. Innocent, enterprising, unconscious of danger, he embarked on a very difficult career, and succeeded in it with the greatest ease; amusing himself all the time, and treating literature, life, and even the art and mystery of publishing, as if it were all a jest.

He was the son of a gamekeeper in Hertfordshire, and in unguarded moments would inform his friends that he came up to London in a billy-cock hat, on the top of a hay-cart. Not that at any time he cared to conceal his origin. But sometimes, on reviewing the incidents of a previous night, he would say:

“Did I talk about coming up to London in a billy-cock hat, on the top of a hay-cart?”

“No, you didn’t.”

“Then I couldn’t have been very far gone.”

He had received nothing resembling a literary education, but from the time of his arrival in

London seems to have been irresistibly attracted towards books. He was little more than a boy when he bought at a London bookstall a volume of Pope, containing a "life" of the author. This he found so interesting, and so entirely new, that he determined to use the facts of the biography as materials for a lecture. He accordingly paid a visit to the Secretary of a Literary Institution, where he had attended some lectures, and made a proposition on the subject. The Secretary was an obliging man, and, moreover, a humorist; and when young Tinsley called "Pope" "Pop," and "Colley Cibber" "Coly Ciber," it struck him that the lecture would go. Of this he felt sure when the intending lecturer went on to speak of the "Dunkiad," the "Eyeliad," and the "O'Dicey." I should have mentioned that the amiable Secretary was a member of the Brough family; a younger brother of the well-known "brothers Brough," authors of the best burlesques of the period, and elder brother of the popular comedian, Lionel Brough.

John Brough felt that he had secured a comic lecture of no ordinary quality; and the four brothers attended in a body to hear it delivered, and to support the lecturer with exceptionally vehement applause.

After the lecture the young lecturer was invited to supper by the hospitable heads of the Brough family, by whom he was always

treated with the greatest possible kindness. Then, through the influence of the brothers, he was appointed publisher's assistant in the office of a satirical paper with which they were connected; until at last, the paper having come to an untimely end, he managed, with the little money he had saved, to start a second-hand bookshop.

The proprietors of a morning paper, less flourishing then than it is now, arranged to sell him, at so much a volume, the whole of the books sent to them for review; and, to keep up their value, the reviewers were specially cautioned not to cut the leaves!

Tinsley did such good business, offering all the newest books for sale in perfect condition at greatly reduced prices, that he resolved to go into the higher branch of the bookselling trade, and bring out original works.

His earliest venture was in connection with Sala's account of the first Volunteer Review, reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph*, which sold in large numbers. Then, taking a truly audacious flight, he proposed to purchase from Miss Braddon her next new novel, and, being without cash at the time, offered her a thousand pounds for it.

In those days a thousand pounds was a pretty good price for a novel, even for a novel by Miss Braddon, who had just made her first great hit with "Aurora Floyd." As the offer was made in business-like form, Miss Braddon's

husband, the late Mr. Maxwell, wrote to accept it. An agreement would, of course, have to be signed, and the money was to be paid in advance. Nothing could be simpler from the vendor's point of view.

Tinsley had obtained his paper for the reprint of Sala's account of the *Volunteer Review* from Messrs. Spalding and Hodge, of Drury Lane, and had paid their bill. He now called upon them, saying that he had made a very advantageous contract with Miss Braddon for her next novel, and that he wanted to know on what terms they would supply the paper.

They were quite ready to give credit; and Tinsley then went to a large firm of printers, saying that Spalding and Hodge would furnish the paper, and that he should be glad if they would undertake the printing. This they were prepared to do on easy terms. A novel of Miss Braddon's would be sure to sell; and if Mr. Tinsley had bought the copyright of her next book, and had arranged with Spalding and Hodge about the supply of paper, they could, of course, give credit for the printing.

Then it occurred to the ingenuous young Tinsley that he had not bought anything at all from Miss Braddon: he had only promised to do so. He confided his difficulty to Messrs. Spalding, who, unwilling that good business should be spoiled for want of a thousand pounds, gave him a cheque for that amount.

“Enter; its greatness overwhelms thee not!” Maxwell must have said to himself, when he first went to see Tinsley in his little second-hand bookshop. But a thousand pounds is a thousand pounds; and the young publisher, with his small unpretending premises paid that amount.

“Lady Audley’s Secret” was the name of the new novel; and, brilliantly successful, it brought in a small fortune to the enterprising youth who had risked in the undertaking his acceptance for a thousand pounds. He built himself a house at Barnes—to which, in order to mark its origin, and as a testimony of gratitude, he gave the name of “Audley Villa”—and gradually he became a publisher on a large scale.

His plan of operations was a rational one, and full of liberality towards the author without, whom, as a matter of course, nothing could be done. He was able, thanks to his moderate expenditure, his quiet mode of life, to pay the author much more than could possibly be given to him by the publisher who had an expensive town house in Regent Street, or Albemarle Street, or Burlington Street, to keep up, besides a country house in one of the home counties, with plantations and shubberies, and fields for the partridges and woods for the pheasants.

“When they go in for parks and preserves, and things of that kind,” Tinsley would say, “they can’t do much for the author; they want all the money for themselves.”

This, he seemed to think was natural and right. The case, anyhow, was as he put it. With his villa at Barnes, and his front shop and back shop in Catherine Street, his expenses amounted only to so many hundreds, when his wealthy competitors were spending thousands. He therefore advised all ill-paid novelists, and poorly requited travellers and explorers, to come unto him.

Miss Braddon was an admirable lead, and she was soon followed by Mrs. Henry Wood. Then Lawrence, the author of "*Guy Livingston*" came in. Edmund Yates, too, joined the constantly increasing band. Sala had been with Tinsley from the first, the very first. Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Russell brought him his first and only novel, "*Dr. Brady*." I advised Dallas to offer him his abridged version of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," which Tinsley accepted, though not without misgivings. He had confounded it with "*Harriet Wilson*," the lady who offered, for a consideration, to omit the name of the Duke of Wellington from the records of her life, and was thereupon told to "print and be damned."

When Captain (afterwards Sir Richard) Burton was negotiating with him about a book of travels, it occurred to Tinsley to treat him as one of "*Guy Livingston's*" fastest characters might, in like circumstances, have treated a feebler man than himself. He sent out for oysters and champagne, and before the second bottle was

finished had agreed to give Burton (who had a head of iron) two hundred pounds more than he had originally asked.

He decided a question of fifty pounds with Augustus Mayhew by a game of billiards—which he lost.

A very popular author proposed to write for him an account of a visit to the Hebrides. Tinsley was delighted.

“When shall you be back?” he said.

“In about a month,” replied the author—Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

“A month!” exclaimed Tinsley. “Why, it will take you three months to get there! The Hebrides are on the other side of the world.”

He was thinking of the Antipodes.

In spite of these slight slips, Tinsley was a very intelligent man, and soon became a very well-informed one, at least about the books of the day, and their commercial, if not their positive literary value. He had sound ideas, however, on this latter point also.

One day, he thought the time had come to give a dinner. He afterwards gave many. But the first was the most interesting.

Not having much practice in the noble art of entertaining, he determined, very wisely, to have a rehearsal of the opening feast, with Burton and Lawrence as critics and advisers. Tinsley had brought down the fish himself, a fine pair of soles, which he duly entrusted to the cook. After

the soup meat was served. The fish had been forgotten. But after a time the soles appeared, and a dish of spinach with them. Then everything went right, except that, at the end of the dinner, no coffee was handed round. Captain Burton said that Tinsley's guests would expect it.

"What's the use of giving them coffee?" replied the host. "They can get that at home. Much better to keep on giving them wine."

Tinsley was, however, overruled, and at the formal dinner—which was excellent—coffee and liqueurs were served in their proper place.

The company included Captain and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Yates, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Henry Wood, Lawrence, Augustus Mayhew, and others; and everything went off in the liveliest manner. Tinsley told me in the course of the evening, when I had been assuring him of the excellence of the repast, that it was a great nuisance having one's aunt for cook, as it was impossible to order her about as one would order any ordinary servant. But he made an allowance to his father and to some other relations; and as it was impossible, he said, to provide for all of them without getting anything in return, he had asked his aunt to give her services as housekeeper, to which she had voluntarily added those of cook. He did not say that, besides being well-disposed to her in

his character of affectionate nephew, he was, moreover, somewhat afraid of her.

Edward Tinsley died young, and quite suddenly. He had been very successful, his name inspired confidence, and he had just before his death concluded an arrangement by which the business of a very large house was to be transferred to him. It was not by ordinary means, nor by any means of which he was himself conscious, that he impressed people. But he was of a hopeful temperament; he believed in his enterprises; and he made friends by his innocence, his self-confidence, and his simplicity.

It would be a rash thing for anyone to try to imitate him. When Law, of Mississippi notoriety, found his progress through the streets blocked one day by an angry mob, he rose in his carriage and called out, "*Arrière, canaille!*!" on which the crowd retired.

Soon afterwards, his coachman, returning the same way, without his master, called out, "*Arrière, canaille!*!" when the crowd, instead of falling back, pulled him from his box, and killed him.

So much depends on the way a thing is done!

CHAPTER IX.

TRIBUNE AND CENSOR.

The Staff of the *Leader*—How Mr. Pigott became Censor—His Duties, and how he performed them—His Character—An apt Quotation—G. H. Lewes and the *Leader*.

E. S. F. PIGOTT—afterwards Censor of Plays—was, when I first knew him, proprietor of a paper called the *Leader*. It was Radical almost to the point of Republicanism, but exceedingly well written, and less sour than Radical prints usually are. Herbert Spencer, G. H. Lewes, Wilkie Collins, Thornton Hunt, James Hutton, Edward Whitty (author of “*The Governing Classes*”), and Pigott himself, were among the contributors.

Let me here record the fact that it was Whitty who, in his “*Friends of Bohemia*” (1857), first called the House of Commons “the best club in London,” and first gave the name of “*gondola of London*” to the hansom cab; though it was Lord Beaconsfield who adopted this latter phrase and made it popular.

Pigott used to write on foreign politics and the opera; and he was sound as well as brilliant on both subjects. Those were the days of “oppressed nationalities” and of V E R D I as the symbol of “*Vittoria Emmanuele Re D’Italia*.” Verdi’s music was, when he first began to write, “the music of the future”; even

as Sardinia, Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, Naples, Venetia, were the Italy of the future. When, in Verdi's *Attila* the audience were driven wild with enthusiasm by the line, "*Avrai tu l'universo, resti l'Italia à me!*" it was not the music that maddened them so much as the line itself.

While still carrying on the *Leader* (which never paid its expenses, and had at a certain time, therefore, to come to an end), Pigott was asked by a great friend of his, M. Van der Weyer, Belgian Minister in England, whether he would accept a good Government appointment, if one could be found for him. M. Van der Weyer promised to mention the matter to Prince Albert, who spoke of it to the Queen.

Many years afterwards, when Prince Albert and M. Van der Weyer were both dead, Mme. Van der Weyer asked Pigott whether he was still ready to take such an appointment as her husband had once spoken to him about.

Pigott was quite prepared to fill it. The Readership of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's Office had become vacant, and Her Majesty, remembering Prince Albert's recommendation, was disposed to appoint Pigott to it. But she wished to know something about him and, above all, whether he was a married man. Mme. Van der Weyer's answers were quite satisfactory. Mr. Pigott possessed sound judgment and taste in literary and dramatic matters; and, as a single man, would be able to visit playhouses

frequently, without causing any uneasiness at home.

In his *Leader* days Pigott was probably no great admirer of the Censorship in any form. But there was no question of abolishing the Censorship of Plays; there was only a question of performing its functions. He accepted the post, and I had many a talk with him about its duties, responsibilities and inconveniences. The office ought not to exist. Without entering into any arguments on the subject, it is enough to mention, as a matter of fact, that it exists neither in Belgium nor in the United States, and that from its non-existence no evil results occur in either of these countries.

Pigott soon found himself between two fires. If he rejected a play, he made an enemy of the author, who, after paying a fee of two guineas in order to be told whether what he had written was fit for publication, did not like to be told that it was not.

If, on the other hand, he was too liberal in granting permission to represent, the Lord Chamberlain received complaints from offended playgoers, or more often from offended readers of criticisms on plays which they had never seen.

Charming French actresses, too, used to appeal to him in person, when he found it necessary to forbid the representation of some new work by Meilhac or Dumas, in which they had hoped to appear. One of these ladies,

going too much to the root of the matter, asked him, why, when such crude indecencies were published in our reports of divorce cases, we objected to a few harmless pleasantries on the stage.

Pigott replied that every country seemed to tolerate indecency in some form. The French excluded it from their law reports, but permitted it in their plays: with us the converse was the rule.

One day Pigott told me that the Lord Chamberlain had received serious complaints about a certain piece; not so much the piece itself (which he had duly licensed), as the style in which it was being represented. He suggested that he and one of his associates in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, Mr. Hertslet, and myself, should dine together, and afterwards go and see if there was anything really wrong in the performance complained of. Not wishing to make his visit secretly, he wrote beforehand to retain a box. This was the action of a gentleman, but not of an official determined at all hazards to ascertain the truth.

We spent a very pleasant evening. There were plenty of pretty girls in the piece. But they all behaved very demurely; and the acting of the principal lady, as to which some fears had been entertained, was propriety itself. At the end of the performance we paid her a complimentary visit, and Pigott explained why he had felt it necessary to see the piece himself. Not only, he said, had several friends of the

Lord Chamberlain spoken ill of it, but Lord X—— was going about everywhere saying that it was “the finest thing, by God, that he had ever seen !”

“ What ! old X—— ? ” exclaimed the impetuous young actress : “ he comes in with a press order, goes to sleep during the performance, and, when he wakes up, walks out of the theatre making as much noise as he can with his stick. And he attacks the performance, does he ? ”

“ No, ” exclaimed Pigott, “ he does worse : he praises it.”

There was nothing whatever to find fault with in this particular representation. But if there had been, the Censorship, exercised by a man too well bred for the post, would have been powerless to deal with it.

In France, where the Censorship is taken seriously, the mere reading of a new piece is not considered sufficient. The effect of the piece is tested at rehearsal ; and agents are sent to the public performances to see whether the corrections made by the Censorship are duly observed. I attended in Paris the last rehearsal of *La Périchole* (under the Empire), when several additional alterations were ordered in the libretto all for political, none for moral reasons.

In England, as in France, the Censorship is absolute and irresponsible. The late Lord Dudley wrote once to Pigott (who had known

him at Eton), that he was being caricatured in some piece, and asking whether this could be put a stop to without his taking any public action in the matter. Pigott wrote to the manager, and the actor who had been making up as Lord Dudley ceased to do so.

“And if no attention had been paid to your representation?” I asked.

“The manager’s licence could have been taken away,” was the reply.

That would have been a heavy punishment for a small fault. But the desired result could easily have been obtained by Lord Dudley writing to the manager himself.

One of these days, the Reader of Plays will forbid the representation of a really fine piece. His office will then be abolished, and we shall find ourselves raised, as regards theatrical matters, to the level of the Belgians and of the citizens of the United States.

Pigott was a very courteous man, with the genuine courtesy that springs from kindness of heart; well read, especially in French literature; and agreeably witty.

I once heard him make a pleasant jest at the house of E. S. Dallas, about a friend of all present, who had just got married to a lady whom, if he meant to do so at all, he ought to have married nine years previously.

“There is nothing strange in what he has done,” said Pigott. “He is a literary critic; he

knows his *Ars Poetica*, and he has simply followed the Horatian precept: ‘*Nonumque prematur in annum.*’”

I made the acquaintance soon afterwards of the lady in question.

“Allow me,” said her husband, “to introduce you to the most charming woman in Europe.”

He was not far wrong. But this was one of those princesses from whose lips diamonds and pearls do not fall.

“Don’t be a damned fool, Sam!” said the lady.

To return to the *Leader*—which had never a large following. For that reason, Whitty suggested one day to Pigott, who was passionately fond of yachting, but had no yacht of his own, that he should stop the paper, and with the money thus saved buy a yacht for himself.

“Silence, you donkey!” whispered to Whitty a contributor of less reckless disposition. “He might do it!”

The dramatic critic of the *Leader* was Mr. G. H. Lewes, who wrote, with conscious affectation, deliberate imitations of Jules Janin at his worst. It amused his intimate friends, but it was silly stuff. Lewes, however, was really a judge of literature and of the drama. Some of our most brilliant critics are nothing of the kind. They write interesting articles, but pronounce wrong judgments.

I remember Lewes, on one occasion, uttering two thoroughly sound opinions on two writers whom I had happened to mention.

“Has the author of ‘Jérôme Paturot’”—a wonderfully successful book of its time—I said to him, “written anything lately?”

“Nothing worth reading,” he replied. “*C'est un tonneau vide.*” Louis Reybaud had brought out several other books; but Lewes had judged him correctly: he was an “empty barrel.”

Soon afterwards, someone was speaking of *Punch*. “The best writer on *Punch*,” I said, “is certainly Thackeray.” He was then publishing week by week the “*Snob Papers*,” and had not yet produced “*Vanity Fair*.”

“Thackeray is not only the best writer on *Punch*,” said Lewes; “he is the best writer in England.”

Many thought so soon afterwards; but very few were aware of the fact at that time.

On the other hand, Lewes once declared that “Birron” (as he called him) was “no poet.” And in his well-proportioned, agreeably-written “*Life of Goethe*” he all but ignores the Second Part of *Faust*, fails to see that it belongs to Goethe’s general conception of the subject, and even concludes that Goethe, when he produced it, must have been off his head!

Yet some of the most beautiful lines that Goethe ever wrote occur in the final scene of the Second Part of *Faust*.

Lewes was a wonderful conversationalist. He talked as well as he wrote—which was very well indeed—and he owed a good portion

of his success in life to his powers of impressing publishers and managers. His novels, though enriched by much plunder from the French, are still very poor. Of his plays, two comparatively original ones, *The Noble Heart* and *A Chain of Events*, failed. His very successful *Game of Speculation* is simply a translation of Balzac's *Mercadet*. The translator declares in his preface that he "wrote the play in six hours," adding, with charming modesty, that he is "indebted for the plot to M. de Balzac"—as though he were not also indebted to M. de Balzac for the personages and the dialogue; for everything, that is to say, in the piece!

Lewes's analytical writings seemed always excellent; and they were certainly excellent in form and style. His novel of "Ranthurpe," in which the method of Balzac is imitated almost to the point of caricature, contains alternate chapters of narrative and criticism; and the author rises really to a higher level when, after setting forth commonplace incidents, he proceeds with the utmost gravity to elucidate them and explain their import.

I have been told by scientific men that Lewes knew very little science. He often wrote with much flippancy about it, as though to give the idea that to him it was mere child's play.

He knew well, however, that Thackeray was our greatest writer at a time when into the head of most persons no such idea had ever entered.

CHAPTER X.

FRANK MARSHALL AND THE ITALIAN SETTING OF
HIS NORWEGIAN *MACBETH*.

Rossetti's little Joke and its disastrous Effect—Tragedy and Comedy—Frank Marshall's Nickname—His Liberties with *Macbeth*—His Friend John Oxenford—Signor Rossi, Marshall's Composer—Rossi and the King of Naples.

FRANK MARSHALL was the author of several plays, including a successful comedy; an opera, on the subject of *Macbeth*, that was represented some seventy or eighty times; an Irish drama for the Lyceum, with Wolfe Tone as the hero, which Sir Henry Irving purchased, but did not find an opportunity of producing; and a one-act farce, which was acted but never heard.

It is of this last work that I wish to speak just now. Joseph Knight, commonly known as "Joe Knight," had invited me to dinner, and I should with pleasure have accepted his invitation but that I felt sure I should meet at his hospitable table a well-known author who had just published a book which the most powerful of editors had entrusted to me for review.

There could be no question of my not saying precisely what I thought of the work: and I did not think well of it. Accordingly I did not care just then to meet the author, an able and agreeable man, with whom I was already

well acquainted. I missed a good deal by my scrupulosity ; for among the guests were several excellent friends of mine, including Dante Rossetti and Frank Marshall. In those distant days (it is thirty years since), Rossetti, who, poor fellow, was to be struck with melancholy in the closing years of his life, had fine spirits, an abundance of humour, and even a disposition to “ chaff ” his friends when they laid themselves open to it.

Frank Marshall was complaining after dinner that he had put a thousand pounds into a certain theatre, on the understanding that a farce of his was to be played, but that, after a single performance—during which the audience, in order to show their displeasure with the management, did nothing but hoot and stamp—the piece had been withdrawn.

“ After all,” said Rossetti, when Marshall had begun to tire the company with his lamentations, “ you got some amusement for your money. There are plenty of pretty girls at that theatre ; you had an opportunity of making their acquaintance, and doubtless had some very interesting flirtations with them.”

To the astonishment of everyone, Marshall flew into a blind rage, protested vehemently against the scandalous imputations cast upon his moral character, and ended by using the most opprobrious language. The host at once interfered, and requested Frank Marshall to

leave the house. The indignant farce-writer, unable to enter into the spirit of a joke directed against himself, now disappeared, leaving the company somewhat depressed. Knight was vexed for Rossetti's sake; Rossetti was sorry to have provoked, however unwittingly, so disagreeable a scene. Everyone was a little gloomy.

Time went on, when suddenly a knock was heard at the street door. Then a servant came into the room, saying, "Please, sir, Mr. Marshall wishes me to tell you that his brougham is ordered for eleven, and, as it is now only half-past ten, he would be glad if you would let him have a chair outside on the pavement."

The grotesque character of the message provoked roars of laughter. The picture of the ejected guest, sitting on a chair outside the house from which he had been asked to remove himself, was irresistibly droll. Rossetti, always amiable, begged that he might be called in. It seemed a pity to be seriously angry with such a man, and amid general hilarity Frank Marshall returned.

On another occasion, in connection with a feast given by himself, it was Marshall who declared himself offended, and thereupon dismissed the company in a body. It happened in this way. He had invited a number of friends to dine with him at his house in Hans Place. The dull moments preceding the announcement of dinner were being beguiled by stories of nick-

names, as applied to various well-known persons, when Marshall, after saying how wonderfully applicable some of the sobriquets were, added: "I wonder no one ever gave me a nickname."

"Oh, but you have one!" said Captain Hawley Smart.

Now Frank Marshall had a somewhat cadaverous look, with a complexion suggestive of muffins.

"Have I? What is it?" asked the appreciator of appropriate nicknames.

"They all call you the Boiled Ghost," said Hawley Smart.

"Do they, indeed!" said Marshall, very bitterly. "I have only one remark to make."

Reserving his observation, he rang the bell, and when the servant appeared said in a stern voice, "No dinner to-day."

The guests, however, were not going to be put off in that way.

They had been asked to dinner—and dinner they insisted on having.

Frank Marshall had a good knowledge of English dramatic literature, and in particular was a great Shakespearian scholar. This did not prevent him from turning *Macbeth* into an opera, nor—worse still—from furnishing Lady Macbeth with a sentimental lover, who sang serenades to her in a contralto voice—mistaking her apparently for Mary Queen of Scots.

Marshall's leading motive in connection with

the opera was to furnish his wife with a fine prima donna part. Sir Michael Costa professed to regard her as a promising candidate for the honours of the lyric stage, and he had recommended her to go through a course of instruction at Naples, under Signor Rossi, chief of the local Conservatorio. To this maestro Marshall entrusted the duty of setting his *Macbeth* libretto to music; and between the two a nice mess was made of it. That the composer might be able to introduce plenty of local colour, the librettist supplied him with a collection of Scots tunes, and dignity was given to Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene by the presentation in the orchestra of that appropriate melody, "The Campbells are Coming"!

Somnambulism seemed to be a constitutional peculiarity of the operatic Lady Macbeth, provoked neither by her complicity in the murder of King Duncan nor by her flirtations with the amorous, Cherubino-like page; for her first somnambulistic performance took place in the opening act, where, in presence of the audience, she got out of a huge four-post bed and with glazed eyes began to walk about the stage!

In order to complicate matters, it occurred to Marshall at the last moment to change the scene of his opera from Scotland to Norway, and to call it *Biorn*. This rendered the Scots airs somewhat inappropriate. But when a critic pointed this out, Frank Marshall replied that there had, from

time immemorial, been maritime communication between Scotland and Norway, and that Norwegian sailors might well be supposed, after familiarising themselves with Scots music, to have introduced it into their native land.

Marshall assured me that *Biorn* obtained a longer "run"—a greater number of consecutive representations—than had ever fallen before to the lot of an opera composed in the English language. How much money was lost in securing this result he did not say. On the opening night, the audience received the work with derision, until on the fall of the curtain they shouted angrily for the author, and were evidently prepared to greet him with a storm of indignation.

Marshall responded in perfect good faith to the call. He averted, however, the threatened outburst by innocently appearing in the usual evening dress, but with large green spectacles on his eyes, and a huge knitted comforter round his neck. The public roared—not with rage, but with laughter.

Fortunately, a man may write a very bad opera, and yet be a very good fellow; which Frank Marshall certainly was.

One of the last acts of Frank Marshall's life was to perpetuate the memory of his friend, John Oxenford, by a stained glass window, which now adorns the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Southwark. It seemed improbable, when

Oxenford was publishing in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* the article on Schopenhauer which, according to some of Schopenhauer's best biographers, first made that great writer known to the German "general reader," that the end of the critic who, until an advanced age, accepted no religion, and who knew thoroughly the arguments against them all, would be the Church of Rome. I once, however, heard him remark, that if he ever did embrace a religion (which seemed unlikely at that time) it would be "the old one."

In politics Oxenford was a Conservative, with a disposition to accept all reforms that did not involve fundamental change. At a time when he believed in no religion he at the same time believed that there ought to be a religion, and, taking the Church of England as he found it, was in favour of maintaining it as a State institution. He went regularly to church, and for a long series of years performed the duties of churchwarden.

But what he chiefly believed in was literature; and there were few literatures, ancient or modern, which he had not mastered. Superior to the other dramatic critics of the English press, alike in knowledge and in power of expression, he showed this superiority in a marked way whenever he had to deal with the performances of a French, a German, or an Italian company.

On his return from a visit to New York, I asked Oxenford some question about American politics. He could not answer. "But I can tell you this," he said. "I wanted a Sophocles one day, and sent all over New York without being able to get one."

To return for a moment to Frank Marshall. His composer (for *Biorn*), Signor Rossi—"Lauro Rossi," the more completely to identify him—was said to be one of the most agreeable, but not one of the most estimable of men. He arrived at Milan one day, at the time of the Austrian domination, with a letter of recommendation from the King of Naples to Marshal Radetsky, military governor of the city. After reading the King's letter, Radetsky asked one of his secretaries whether the Government had any kind of post at its disposal in connection with music.

"The Directorship of the Conservatorio," answered the secretary.

"Give him that," said the dictator.

"Impossible, your Excellency. It is in the hands of Signor Frasi."

"Give Signor Frasi twenty-four hours' notice, and appoint Signor Lauro Rossi to the vacant post."

Thus did Signor Lauro Rossi become director of the Conservatorio of Milan. Once appointed, however, he must have performed his duties satisfactorily; for he was still at Milan in 1872,

when, on the death of Mercadante, he replaced that master at Naples, where Frank Marshall went to see him with his wife and his introduction from Sir Michael Costa.

Marshal Radetsky had no doubt thought it becoming on his part to act despotically in this matter, even as the King of Naples himself would have done, had he wished to oblige a friend.

This sovereign, in the plenitude of his absolutism, paid one day a visit to the Neapolitan prisons in order to see for himself what sort of men his criminals were, and whether they really deserved the punishments they were undergoing.

“What is your sentence?” he said to one.

“Fifteen years, your Majesty.”

“And what had you done?”

“Nothing whatever.”

“Quite innocent?”

“Entirely so, your Majesty.”

“And you?” to another.

“Thirty years, Sire. Victim of a false accusation.”

“And you?” to a third.

“In for life, my King.”

“And what had you done?”

“Everything you can think of, my King: theft, burglary, highway robbery, manslaughter, murder. I only wonder they did not sentence me to death.”

“What is your name?” asked the King.

“My name,” replied the first-class criminal, “since I have been here has been 912.”

After finishing his tour of inspection, the King said to the Governor:

“All the prisoners here seem to be perfectly innocent. There is only one bad man among them—No. 912. You had better let him out, lest he should corrupt the others.”

CHAPTER XI.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Mr. Maddox of the Princess's—His Smartness—His Scene-painter, George Augustus Sala—Sala's brother, Wynn—Wynn and Macready—Macready and Mr. Sinclair Jones—The Three Salas and their Patrimony—The *Conservative Review*—Its Circulation of One and a Half—Wynn's Cantata, *The Fish*—Maddox and Shylock.

CALLING one morning on Mr. Maddox, manager of the Princess's Theatre, I found him talking to a little man, who declared that he had studied the manners and movements of the ape to such effect that he was now, he said, "as much like a monkey as a human being could ever hope to be."

As if to test the soundness of this haughty boast, Maddox took from his lips the cigar he was smoking and applied the burning end to the ape-man's nose; when, far from taking offence at this mark of attention, he ran away on all fours, stopping from time to time to rub with his forepaws his singed proboscis. Had he resented the affront, as a full-sized baboon might have done, Maddox would not have engaged him. As it was, he gave him something like his own terms for a part in a burlesque.

Some of the ballet girls who had come in to see the manager were told to "go and show their legs to Flexmore." Flexmore, an excellent

grotesque dancer (somewhat in the French style), acted as ballet master.

Chorus singers in search of engagements were sent to Loder—Edward Loder, a composer of high merit, who was engaged as musical conductor, and who, apart from operatic work, wrote incidental music for all kinds of pieces. Wonderfully bright and clever it often was.

A letter from an eminent critic asking for a private box was received with an outburst of rage.

“But I *must* send it! I can’t help myself!” cried the unhappy manager, after letting off a few curses. Then he gave instructions that the best box in the house should be forwarded, “with Mr. Maddox’s kindest regards.”

A small parochial deputation now arrived, in order to beg Mr. Maddox to take office as churchwarden. Never before or afterwards did I see anyone exhibit more genuine delight. His face beamed with joy. He declined, however, on the ground that his occupation did not leave him enough time to devote to such important duties. His religion, too, may have had something to do with the matter; for one had only to look into his face to see at a glance that he was the lineal descendant of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

A lady who came in to speak about dresses was referred to Augustus Harris (father of the late Sir Augustus), who was Maddox’s stage manager.

With Harris for the stage, Loder for the music, and Flexmore for the ballet, Maddox had for his principal departments excellent chiefs, and though he acquired (not without deserving it) the reputation of being mean, he must have paid them adequate salaries or they would naturally have left him.

Our new system of illumination and obscuration by which a fashionable and brilliantly attired operatic audience is plunged for an entire act into utter darkness, in order that it may be able to concentrate the whole of its attention upon the stage business of such powerful dramatic works as *Manon Lescaut* and *La Bohème*, would have suited Maddox perfectly; for he was very economical in the matter of light.

During the performance he made it his business to see that behind the scenes too much gas was not turned on. He objected also to the ballet girls sitting down in their "nicely washed, nicely ironed white muslin dresses."

If he could not bear to see his own dresses crumpled and creased by the unreasonable practice of sitting down in them, he was equally displeased if at rehearsal his ballet girls at £1, and his chorus girls at thirty shillings a week, wore common clothes of their own.

"Look at Miss Montague and her sister Miss Talbot," I heard him say on one occasion; "they always wear silk."

"Yes," answered one of the ballet girls,

"and we know how Miss Montagu and Miss Talbot get their silk."

"I have nothing to do with that, my dear," responded the manager; "all I know is that they come here dressed like young ladies."

Stories used to be told at the theatre of his smartness, which often took original forms. He ordered (for instance) one day, in company with his leading comedian, Oxberry, a calf's head, of which each was to receive half. Then going back on some pretext to the butcher's, he said to the man:

"Mr. Oxberry doesn't like the tongue. Send the tongue, please, with my half."

One of the scene painters at Maddox's theatre was George Augustus Sala, whom in those days I scarcely knew; though, when I made his acquaintance a few years afterwards in Paris, we became intimate friends. I knew well, however, his brother, Charles Kerrison Sala, who, under the name of "Wynn," sang in Maddox's operatic and acted in his dramatic company. Whether drama and opera were ever played together on the same nights I really forget, but it seems improbable. Play-bills, however, were much lengthier documents in those days than they are now; and, far from disdaining to appear at the very beginning of the evening, the great actors and actresses of the day insisted on doing so. Thus the most important piece of the night was the first.

Wynn had but little respect for the great, and he possessed a marked taste for mystification, mischief, and mild intrigue. Acting at the Princess's, in the same company as Macready, it occurred to him one night to mistake him deliberately for a "pal," when, seizing him by the scruff of the neck and the breech of the trousers, he ran him rapidly up a steep staircase. This, notwithstanding apologies of a semi-ironical kind on the part of Wynn, caused a marked coldness between himself and the great tragedian.

Wynn was the inventor of a new, simple, and comparatively safe method of defamation for the use of theatrical critics nurturing a grudge against some leading actor. It consisted in an ambiguous employment of the personal pronoun "he," so presented that it might be considered applicable either to a certain character in the piece or to the actor impersonating this character—the grammatical construction lending itself rather to the latter view.

This is how it once worked out in the case of Macready, whom, since he had humiliated him by running him upstairs, Wynn had taken under his own special persecution:—

"Mr. Macready, the great performer, came out last night as Macbeth, and showed himself thoroughly at home in the character of the atrocious villain. He is, indeed, a monster. With

a long experience of the stage we can call to mind no one so base, so brutal, so bloodthirsty. It is difficult to see him without at once perceiving that he is a miscreant of the worst species; while to hear him speak is at once to understand that not the slightest confidence can be placed in the rascal. The wretch will appear again to-morrow evening, and will again be hissed and hooted (as happened to him several times last night) by an indignant public which hates treachery and execrates murder. At the end of the performance Mr. Macready received several summonses."

The theatrical paper to which Wynn contributed was not an important one; and, as he charged nothing (or, at least, received nothing) for his contributions, he was allowed to have his own say in his own way. His articles vexed Macready; but they amused Maddox, who always took care that his leading tragedian should see them.

The ingenious manager, whose slyness and malice were sometimes of a far-fetched but highly penetrating kind, had a means of his own for irritating Macready; which could not, however, be employed more than once. There was a singing member of his company called Sinclair Jones, who, like so many public characters, aspired to high things, but had to occupy himself with comparatively low ones. He possessed a tenor voice of a sufficiently "robust" kind, and

would have liked to undertake the part of Arnold in *William Tell*, or of Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. Fate, however, and Mr. Alfred Bunn had condemned him, at Drury Lane, to appear as the Captain in *Maritana*, whom Don Cæsar de Bazan kills in the first act for behaving roughly to the little page; and when Mr. Sinclair Jones joined Mr. Maddox's company he had parts of similar unimportance assigned him.

But he possessed literary, as well as musical, ambition, and, regarding himself as a failure in the operatic line, hoped to achieve a lofty and lucrative position by producing plays. These works, written in blank verse and divided into five acts, were of the "What ho, there!" "Marry, come up!" order of literature. He gave one of them to Maddox, that he might see whether it suited him. It suited him perfectly—but not for the purpose contemplated by the author.

"Take it to Macready," said Maddox, after he had looked through a few pages. "Take it to Macready, read it to him, and ask him whether he will play the principal part. If he consents, I am ready to bring it out."

Excited, overjoyed, inspired with a confidence which in calmer moments he would have regarded as presumptuous, Sinclair Jones knocked at the door of the great man's dressing-room, and, on entering, explained the object of his visit.

"You have written a play, and Mr. Maddox wishes you to read it to me," began Macready;

“and you say he is ready to bring it out if I consent to play the principal part?”

“He was kind enough to make me that promise.”

“He has read it himself, and approves the work? Is that so, Mr. Sinclair?”

“He would surely not have told me to bring it to you, sir, unless he thought it worth your attention.”

“Well, Mr. Jones—Mr. Jones Sinclair, I mean—I will listen to the first act, or, at least, to a portion of it. Read me the opening scene.”

In the portentous tones deemed appropriate to the reading of plays in blank verse, Sinclair Jones began. As he gradually warmed up, his distinguished listener—less gradually—cooled down, until at last Macready said he noted in the work a tendency towards verbosity. The lengthiness of the dialogue, he added, was out of all proportion to the interest of the subject.

Sinclair Jones rose at once to the occasion. “If the dialogue is too long,” he exclaimed, “you can cut it!”

This gracious permission, so innocently given, was fatal to the prospects of the dramatist.

“Cut it, Mr. Sinclair?” cried the eminent tragedian, “cut it? Do you know that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton sits up all night, passes long and anxious hours, thinking of one happy line, one fortunate phrase, one telling word, for me to deliver with due effect; and you write

down your commonplace verses at random, and tell me, when I object to them, when I protest against them, that if I find your dialogue too long, I can cut it! Cut it, forsooth! Cut it? Ha, ha! He tells me to cut it!"

Macready threw to poor Sinclair Jones the manuscript of his five-act play, and motioned him from his presence.

Maddox, with a Mephistophelian grin on his face, was waiting outside to receive him.

"Did you read it to him, Jones?" he eagerly asked. "Did you give it to him well? How much of it did he stand?"

The manager then tried to console the mortified playwright, and, since he had tormented Macready, rewarded him with a cigar.

Maddox was always on good terms with Wynn, who was of a cheerful, genial disposition, and directed with zeal a section of the chorus, and at times sang with discretion such parts as that of Alessio in *La Sonnambula*. His only fault was an occasional want of punctuality, due to his inordinate love of fishing, which sometimes detained him on the river longer than he had intended, and caused him to miss his train. He once spent £500 straight off on fishing, and never, I believe, regretted it; spent it, that is to say, on fishing tackle, punts, and the maintenance of a house on the riverside at Weybridge. The so-called Wynn, his brother George Augustus Sala, and another brother, Albert Sala,

an officer in the Indian navy, inherited £1,500, which, equally divided between them, was spent by each in his own characteristic way.

G. A. Sala took chambers in Regent Street, and brought out the first and only number of the *Conservative Review*, of which, as he afterwards informed me, he sold one copy and a half. Asked to explain this mystery, he assured me that he made a complete sale of one copy at the full price of 2s. 6d., but that the purchaser of a second copy could not get together more than 1s. 3d., which was accepted from him on the understanding that he was to pay the balance the next time he came that way. But he never came that way again.

Albert Sala, questioned afterwards as to what he had done with his £500, replied in two words: “Brandy pawnee!”

Wynn, as before mentioned, spent his £500 in fishing. It was during this happy period of his existence that he wrote his *magnum opus*, a cantata called *The Fish*, in which the descriptions of the costumes and the stage directions rhymed with the richly versified dialogue. Thus, at the end of a speech delivered by Mr. Chubb, a well-known dealer of those days in fishing tackle, this line occurred—

“The sky is overcast, I wonder will it rain?”

which was followed by the stage direction—

“Mr. Chubb goes to Weybridge by the 3.30 train.”

The opening chorus ran thus:

“ Merrily roll,
Like a fried sole,
In the egg and the bread-crumb light !
Merrily roll,
Like a fried sole,
For the fish must be fried to-night, to-night !
The fish must be fried to-night.

Then the fish came in “on horseback,” and a scene of the wildest character ensued.

An edition of *The Fish*, with burlesque annotations by friends of Wynn and of his brother, G. A. Sala, was, a good many years ago, to have been published by subscription, and the name of Charles Dickens, I remember, was at the head of the subscription list. But it never came out.

When Wynn was singing and acting at the Princess’s Theatre, under the direction of Maddox, he naturally, like other members of the same profession, went to bed late, and, wishing to begin his day at something like the usual hour, arranged to have his breakfast in bed. Every morning a cup of tea with a round of toast was brought up to him. He drank the tea, but was at a loss what to do with the toast. Eat it he could not; to leave it he was ashamed. In this difficulty he threw it under his bed. Morning after morning the same thing occurred. Wynn drank his tea, and then threw his toast under the bed until at last a huge mountain of toast was

found, to the utter consternation of the servant, when it occurred to her one day to "do the room."

The domestic pointed out to the eccentric lodger that this mountain, unless removed, would one day bring forth mice; and Wynn explained that he had no objection whatever to its being carted away.

"And now this solemn mockery is o'er!" he exclaimed in melodramatic tones. It was impossible, however, he added, for him to dispense at breakfast time, not with actual food, but with the semblance thereof; and, for the sake of appearances, he got a friend of his, an artist in oils, to paint on a plate the likeness of a round of toast, which was brought up to him every morning with his tea. This Barmecidal sort of breakfast suited him perfectly.

To return to Maddox. He brought out in his character of operatic manager a good number of interesting works, including English versions of the two ingenious and tuneful operas composed by Balfe for the Opéra Comique of Paris, *Le Puits d'Amour* and *Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*; an original opera by Edward Loder, called *Giselle, or The Night-Dancers*—a charming work, melodious, graceful, and touched here and there with the true poetic spirit of Heine's legend; an original opera by Macfarren, of which I thought so little that I now forget its very name; and English translations of Carafa's

Prison d'Édimbourg (the “Heart of Midlothian”); and Flotow’s *Âme en Peine*, written by the composer of *Martha* for the Paris Opera House, and called in the English version *Leoline*. Maddox, too, was the first manager to produce in English Donizetti’s *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The most eminent of his vocalists were Mdlle. Nau, Mdme. Eugénie Garcia, and Mdme. Anna Thillon.

I do not know whether Maddox ever acted or sang himself; but he told me one day, when business was very bad, that he had resolved to appear at his own theatre in the character of Shylock.

“Will that do the trick?” he eagerly demanded. “Will that fill the house? Maddox as Shylock! Maddox and the pound of flesh! That’ll fetch ‘em! And, by heaven, I’ll do it!”

What an article, in his own invented style, Wynn could have written on the subject, had Maddox carried out his threat!

CHAPTER XII.

A PRIZE COMEDY, AND OTHERS.

The Competitors—Thackeray as a Playwright—The Prices Paid for Plays Fifty Years Ago—Adaptations—Planché—*The Sphinx*—Puns and Punsters—Gavarni on the “Approximate Pun”—W. S. Gilbert.

In the days of my youth I attended the production of the prize comedy by Mrs. Gore for which, in accordance with his promise, Benjamin Webster, manager of the Haymarket Theatre, had paid £500.

Mrs. Gore was a clever and agreeable novelist, but had never before written for the stage; and her comedy, though it contained lively dialogue, and some amusing scenes, was not, as a whole, satisfactory. It was the first five-act comedy I had ever seen; and I resolved to be in no great hurry to see another. How many first-rate five-act comedies are there in the English language? Only one, *The School for Scandal*.

In those days, however, it was considered essential to our reputation as a dramatic nation that we should now and then produce a five-act play. We were no more a dramatic nation then than we are a musical nation now. But Benjamin Webster thought we were; and it was very liberal of him to offer so large a prize in encouragement of the delusion. The prize would not be deemed a large one in the present day.

But times are changed.

I fancy, from his unruliness at the first performance, that Albert Smith had competed for the comedy prize; and I know that Thackeray sent in, my informant being Major Gore, son of Mrs. Gore, who was one of Thackeray's most intimate friends.

Many years afterwards Thackeray wrote another comedy, or, perhaps, it was only the old competition comedy brought up to date. It was entertained for a time at the Olympic, and it need scarcely be added was not brought out.

A friend of mine was complaining to Thackeray that he had written a piece in which there were only four characters, and yet could not get it produced.

"Why, there were seventeen in mine," replied Thackeray, "and they wouldn't have it."

There was also, I have been told, a hansom cab.

Douglas Jerrold did not compete for the comedy prize; and we may be sure that the haughty Bulwer Lytton (at that time Lytton Bulwer) abstained. Jerrold could command £500 for a five-act comedy without running any risk of having the piece sent back. Bulwer's price is said to have gone as high as £700, and it at last occurred to him to stipulate that his play should be accepted without being read. It was for him, not for the manager, to judge whether it was fit for the stage.

This, after all, is what happens in the present day to every author whose piece is ordered beforehand.

The above figures are not, perhaps, quite correct. If so, they are too high. There seems to be a constant tendency towards exaggerating the sums paid for literary and artistic work. I have sometimes thought that the authors themselves may have something to do with this. In magnifying the prices they magnify themselves.

It is certain that Boucicault, quite at the beginning of his career (and he wrote plays almost as a boy), used to get £300 for a five-act comedy. He stated the fact on oath in a court of justice, and the sum was considered so immense that the counsel who was examining him exclaimed :

“ Do you mean to tell me, sir, that if I were to write a comedy for the Haymarket Theatre, the manager would give me £300 for it ? ”

“ I think it most improbable,” replied Boucicault.

Whatever Jerrold may afterwards have obtained for his comedies, when he had made his reputation, it is an historic fact that he received for *Black-Eye'd Susan*, the most successful by far of all his pieces, the sum of £10 ! Manager Elliston assured Jerrold, when the piece was drawing large houses at the Surrey on one side of the river, and at Drury Lane on the other, that its success would

quite justify him in calling together his friends and getting them to present him with a piece of plate.

For a one-act farce the ordinary payment was 10s. a night; for comic dramas and pieces of the kind, in two or three acts, at the rate of 10s. an act nightly. These terms applied to London only. The author had still his provincial rights, which were at a lower rate. Neither for Australian nor American rights could anything be obtained; while, as for Continental rights, no question about them could arise, since no English piece was ever, by any chance, translated into a foreign tongue. Nearly every piece produced on the English stage was, in fact, a translation from the French.

Oxenford's *Twice Killed* has been generally looked upon as an original work; and when a one-act opera by Grisar, on the same theme, was produced at Paris, under the title of "*Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon!*" people said that at last a modern English piece had been translated or adapted into French. But Oxenford, learned and witty as he was, had no invention; and the whole merit of *Twice Killed* lies in its excellent story. It is really an adaptation from the German, and it is interesting to know that the author of the German piece was a skilful dramatist and successful publisher, Herr Goschen, father of the English statesman of that name.

Neither in connection with the English nor the French version of the piece did the name appear of the true author. In what other branch of literature could such a thing happen? Smollett never called himself the author of "*Gil Blas*" because he happened to have made a translation of that work, nor Carlyle of "*Wilhelm Meister*," nor Coleridge of "*Wallenstein*."

At that time the burlesque was almost the only kind of original writing known to our stage; while of nearly every so-called dramatic author it might be said that he was nothing more than an adapter. So few can invent, so many adapt.

Even dramatists in the true sense of the word, like Boucicault, produced many more translations than original pieces. The work was incomparably easier. "I, who have done both," wrote Charles Reade, "know that the one means severe intellectual labour, while the other is as easy as shelling peas."

At present, international rights have to be observed, and the right of translating a very successful French piece has to be largely paid for. French pieces have become more Parisian, and less dependent upon plot; while, owing partly to these causes, but chiefly to the immense increase in the rates of pay for dramatic work, a school has at last sprung up in England of original dramatists. At present, too, every

novelist desires, as in France, to present his novel on the stage.

An earlier generation had, it is true, Bulwer, Jerrold, and Sheridan Knowles; but these authors wrote very little, and very little of what they did write made its mark. The production of a new and original play was at that time an event of the rarest occurrence. At present they are brought out at the rate of one or two a week, and the public go with the greatest eagerness to see them.

There were plenty of clever men writing for the stage; but they did not make their own pieces, and it was for the most part only in burlesques that any original talent was shown. Planché, Gilbert à Beckett, Mark Lemon, Albert Smith, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, Charles Kenney, and the brothers Brough (Robert and William) were, from forty to fifty years ago, the leading burlesque writers of the period, and Planché was considered the best of them all. Apart from burlesques, Planché never once wrote an original piece. But, yes, he unfortunately wrote the libretto for Weber's *Oberon*.

Planché was a charming man—courteous, refined, studious, well-read, a writer of good English—but not an inventor, and entirely ignorant, moreover, of the principles on which opera-books and words for music should be written. Poor Weber complained bitterly of this—in letters which not long ago, were made

public for the first time. Planché troubled him with similes and metaphors; and he sometimes set forth in several lines an idea which, if it could not be expressed in one, ought to have been abandoned. I remember reading one day on the bill of the Royal Opera House, at Berlin, an announcement of *Oberon*, in which it was stated that the music was by Weber, and the libretto "From the French of Planché." I did not write to the manager to correct the mistake.

Planché had cultivated the art of burlesque writing more assiduously than anyone else. His verse was both neat and flowing, and he introduced with taste and skill the indispensable allusions to affairs of the day.

But the drollest, the most original of the burlesque writers were the brothers Brough, and their *Sphinx*, instead of being, like almost all the burlesques, a parody of some well-known drama or tale, was a genuine piece of invention, and of a highly fantastic kind. In a purely literary point of view, however, the best and most brilliantly written of all burlesques were those of Gilbert à Beckett; and of his numerous productions in this style the best of all was the *Forty Thieves*.

The dialogue was full of the most ingenious word-play; as when Morgiana (an Oriental maid-of-all-work, impersonated by Mrs. Keeley) suggests that the inmates of the house where the forty thieves with their pots of Macassar

oil have put up, might have been “macassared in their beds.”

“Macassared in our beds? Not we indeed!” replies her interlocutor; on which Morgiana, correcting herself, exclaims—

“No, not macassared; I meant massacred.”

When one of the characters penetrates the “robbers’ cave,” and is amazed at the treasures before him, he establishes a connection between Dublin stout and gold, and sounds the praises of a “pint of guineas.” Then, giving full expression to his admiration, he, in the most ingenious and apparently in the most natural manner, introduces the names of all the most celebrated goldsmiths of the time: Hamlet, Rundall and Bridges, Storr and Mortimer. How would you manage it, reader, if such a task were set you, or, rather, if you had set such a task to yourself?

Gilbert à Beckett, after rejecting some other similitude, makes his personage express himself as follows:

“It rather
Reminds me of the ghost of Hamlet’s father.”

Then he continues as follows:

“The gold is actually laid in ridges;
This Rundall’s fame considerably a-Bridges.
Such lots of gold I never saw before;
E’en Mortimer can’t boast of such a Storr.”

I lay stress on Gilbert à Beckett’s burlesque lines having been particularly well written, with-

out halt or flaw, because side by side with the burlesques of a high class were burlesques of a low class, without wit, but not without vulgarity, and written in doggrel.

Gavarni asked me one day whether the pun was still used in our comic journals. I was obliged to confess that it was.

"It has quite gone out in France," he said. He called it "*L'esprit de ceux qui n'en ont pas*," and more concisely, "*L'esprit des sots*." "But the approximate pun," he added, "the '*calembour d'à peu près*,' was still tolerated."

I asked him for an example of the *calembour d'à peu près*.

"Well," he said, "Nestor Roqueplan is to be the new manager of the Opera. If you were to say, '*L'Opéra va être Nestoré*,' that would be '*un calembour d'à peu près*.'"

Rossini, a long time afterwards, made an "approximate pun," when, in reference to certain changes introduced into his music by Maurice Strakosch, with a view to the greater effectiveness of Madame Patti's admirable singing, he exclaimed:

"*Elle a joliment Stra-cochonné ma musique.*"

But the pun that may be either noticed or not noticed is surely tolerable, and it is often admirable. In how many different pieces have I heard the man who has just borrowed five pounds from his friend, exclaim, with tears of gratitude in his voice: "I shall never be able

to repay you!" It always excites the laughter of the house.

Here is another example of excellent pleasantry, in which the fun flows in and flows out, in the most natural manner, without being in the slightest degree forced.

It occurs in a burlesque by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, of which I forget the name. The words on which such effective play is made are as follows:

"And show the Israelite in his real light."

The piece was played at the long-since-burned-down theatre in Long Acre, called the Queen's, in which a well-known Israelite, a personal friend of mine, was interested as proprietor; and as he sat in a greatly protruding stage box on the grand tier, with a flood of illumination upon him, the audience could not help smiling, tittering, and at last bursting out into a roar of laughter.

Mr. Lionel Lawson, meanwhile, sat apparently unmoved—studiously unconscious of the meaning of the jest. He stood the fire like a man. He could not have done more to ensure the success of the pleasantry and of the entire piece than by making himself as conspicuous as he could in his own very conspicuous box. He dressed quietly, and in good taste, but was particularly remarkable for the length and breadth of his shirt front; and it was both deep and wide that night.

Before putting the burlesque into rehearsal,

Mr. Labouchere, who was running the Queen's at the time, asked Mr. Gilbert to read it to him, and went to sleep, or more probably pretended to do so, while it was being read. Thereupon Mr. Gilbert rose from his seat, walked on tip-toe to the door, and disappeared, taking the piece with him.

I may here present a few jests and sarcasms by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, which are not, I think, generally known.

When Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Booth, the famous American tragedian, were acting together at doubled prices, Mr. Herman Vezin, meeting Mr. W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show.

"No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid half a guinea to see one bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Falstaff at the Haymarket, and the indispensable stuffing made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theatre, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

"How well your skin acts!" said Mr. Gilbert.

Soon after the death of a well-known composer, someone, who did not keep pace with the news of the day, asked Mr. Gilbert what the *maestro* in question was doing.

“He is doing nothing,” was the answer.

“Surely, he is composing?” persisted the questioner.

“On the contrary,” said Mr. Gilbert, “he is decomposing.”

This, again, is an example of the *calembour d'à peu près*, and a strikingly good one. I was going to say a happy one, but refrain.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALBERT SMITH AND "THE GENT."

"Albata"—The Methods of Work—A Hotel Reformer—Douglas Jerrold and The Whittington Club—Re-christened The Temple—Members Who Did Not Frequent It—A Duly Qualified Candidate for Admission—The Ordeal by Burns, and How a Southron Vented His Spleen.

ALBERT SMITH was a lively and agreeable man, full of good spirits, and full also of a mild, evening-party sort of fun.

"We call him 'Albata' Smith," said Gilbert à Beckett one day; "Albata" being a composite metal much advertised at the time, and described as "the only substitute for silver."

He published books in shilling monthly parts ("Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," etc.), but could not be accepted as a substitute for Dickens. Hearing someone compare him to our great comic writer, Oxenford said: "If you were to pour a bottle of brandy into the Thames on one side of London Bridge, and draw up a bucket of water on the other side, you would find about as much flavour of brandy in the water of the bucket as there is of Dickens in Albert Smith."

Fast life in London, the humours of medical students (he had been one himself), and the charms of ballet girls, were his favourite subjects. In a series of little books got up in imitation of the Paris "Physiognomies"—"Physiognomie

du Flâneur," "Physiognomie de la Grisette," etc.—he published "The Gent" (substitute for gentleman) and "The Flirt"—without whom, he asserted, evening parties would be impossible, or at least very dull.

This amusing writer, in the days when the anonymous system in connection with newspaper articles and articles in magazines was almost universally maintained, signed all his articles, and allowed nothing to appear without his name.

To this he attributed—and justly, no doubt—a great portion of his popularity. He at one time contributed every week, a column of gossip to the *Illustrated London News*—thus being the predecessor of G. A. Sala, James Payn, and Louis Austin.

He was constantly making notes for his column. If anyone told an amusing story or made a good joke in his presence, he would say, taking out his notebook, "Do you want that?" In most cases the answer was in the negative. If, however, the narrator of the anecdote or the maker of the jest did want it, Albert Smith took it down all the same, and calmly remarked, "You'll find it next week in the *Illustrated London News*."

The extravagant charges levied at English hotels were denounced by Albert Smith with excellent effect. At any hotel where you happened to be staying, you were expected,

in those days, to take all your meals and, moreover, to drink a certain amount of wine, whether you wanted it or not, "for the good of the house." Ladies were not allowed in the coffee-room; so that the presence of a lady at an hotel meant the occupation of a suite of rooms.

By plain speaking, enlivened by satire, and by comparing the English with the more rationally conducted foreign hotels, Albert Smith did much towards reforming our intolerable hotel system.

He liked the French and their ways, and their literature, and especially their comic literature, and, above all (O Gavarni!), Paul de Kock! How he could wake up his readers, he used to say, if only the license enjoyed by Paul de Kock were granted to him. Happily, it was not.

He was a great observer of small things in a small way; he possessed animal spirits; he said what he had to say in his own manner, and he was quite without pretension. But it somehow became the fashion to look upon him as the type of all that was slangy and superficial; and a writer who had anything nasty to say would generally say it of Albert Smith. Father Prout, who knew Albert Smith well, and rather liked him, made him the subject of a scurrilous epigram, suggested by the assumption that he was a trashy writer, and by the fact that an uncle of his was the inventor of a certain construction in connection with sanitation and with plumber's work. This did not, of course, find its way into print.

Here is the description of a man of low views, in which the writer certainly had Albert Smith in his mind :

“ He went to Casinos, he studied The Gent,
Devoured his grub
At the Whittington Club,
And wondered what art and philosophy meant.”

The Whittington Club was a club for city clerks, suggested as an idea by Douglas Jerrold, and carried out as an enterprise on his recommendation. Jerrold had no pecuniary interest in it, direct or indirect.

But it had occurred to him that a cheap club for young men in the receipt of small salaries might be a great convenience to them; and he advocated the notion in a weekly paper he was editing at the time, until at last he got it taken up. The project, and the institution itself (when the project had at last taken form), met with ridicule on all sides. What did a city clerk want with a club? It was like his cheek! The Whittington Club would be a kind of Mechanics' Institute with feeding-rooms attached. What sort of cigars would they have? and—gracious heaven!—what wine?

The title, so happy from a literary point of view, so exactly descriptive of what Jerrold meant, was, in a business light, utterly bad. The name would exclude all who were not clerks; and there were thousands of young men in the city who, clerks as they were, might not

wish to place themselves under the patronage of Dick Whittington. The Whittington Club did not thrive; and I remember reading in a satirical paper just after a panic in the city, the following paragraph:

“**SIGNS OF RETURNING CONFIDENCE.**—Another butcher has given credit to the Whittington Club.”

When the collapse took place, a Hebrew gentleman, who had studied the art of running clubs, and had worked out one absolutely new idea in connection with them, took over the Whittington Club, and changed it into the Temple Club.

This alone showed that he understood human nature, which Douglas Jerrold, out of books and plays, did not. All the members of the Inner and Middle Temple could, without derogating, join a Temple Club. Solicitors, law students, and articled clerks, might well be attracted by the title; while clerks in houses of business would feel themselves honoured by being allowed to belong to it.

The very same snob who had scoffed at the “Whittington” would put his name down at once for the “Temple.” But this was only a small part of the promoter’s plan. To give his club a literary character, he placed it under the patronage of a number of the most distinguished poets and prose writers of the day, naming them Vice-Presidents, and appointing them life members without payment. They were not asked if they would like to be Vice-Presidents, they were

informed that the dignity had been conferred upon them together with perpetual membership.

Well, there was nothing to pay. Tennyson saw Browning's name down, and Browning saw that among the Vice-Presidents and life members Tennyson figured. Probably Freeman did not want to join the Temple Club; but Carlyle and Froude seemed to have done so, and why should he keep out?

In this ingenious way the promoter got up such a list of "Vice-Presidents," or "Members of the Committee" (I am not sure which they were called), that more applications than were wanted poured in.

Carlyle did not turn up for lunch, and ingenuous members looked in vain for Tennyson at the dinner hour. Herbert Spencer, too, seemed to keep studiously away from the smoking-room. No matter! The club had a good name, and there were first-class men on the committee. Besides, there was no entrance money.

At a first-rate Pall Mall club your first mutton chop may cost you £52 11s. 6d.; that is to say, forty guineas for entrance fee, ten guineas for the first year's subscription, one shilling for the chop with accessories, and (say) sixpence for a half bottle of ordinary claret. At the Temple Club, the annual subscription was (I think) three guineas, and, as there was no entrance fee, a man wasted nothing by joining the club for a year on trial.

When an immense number of annual subscribers had been secured, the founder of the Temple Club sold it as a going concern with a large income to some one less intelligent than himself.

After a time, the members who had joined the club with a view to the highest and best literary society, dropped off. Then the wrong sort of people were admitted, merely for the sake of the subscriptions. One day, a member who had gone into the lavatory to wash his face and hands, left his purse there, with a few sovereigns in it. It was brought to him in one of the sitting-rooms by a waiter, who, on being thanked, replied: "Fortunate thing, sir, that none of the members saw it!"

Several other clubs were formed on the principle first introduced by the promoter of the Temple Club. At one of these, to which ladies were admitted, the committee of the honorary life members consisted half of officers, from generals downwards, to attract young women; half of clergymen, from bishops downwards, to give confidence to the mammas.

I never entered the Temple Club; but to the Lotus Club I went several times. One day the proprietor of the club complained bitterly of the lady members. "They never order anything," he said, "more expensive than a cup of tea; and the literary ladies write their novels on the club paper."

Let me here tell an absolutely true story of a gentleman whose friends were trying to get him into one of the fifty-guinea clubs, and, in doing so, found it necessary to deal with some injurious reports that were being circulated about him. The candidate had been proposed by Charles Mackay, author of "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys" (which is little more than a parody of Béranger's "*Ainsi soit-il*," with the irony left out), and of some genuine poetry; and he was seconded by Thackeray. There could not, therefore, have been much the matter with him, but a report had somehow got about that he drank; and one of his most determined supporters scarcely knew how to meet this rumour. It is so difficult to prove a negative. Then it occurred to him that his friend wrote a very beautiful hand—a strong steady fist, such as no man with unsteady nerves could write.

He accordingly carried about with him a letter in the candidate's writing, and, whenever he met a member whom he thought he might be able to influence, exhibited the caligraphy, and said in a stern voice:

"Is that the writing of a man who drinks?"

"No," was the invariable reply.

At last, a genial sort of member, on having the question put to him, "Is that the writing of a man who drinks?" replied emphatically, "No! . . . But *does* he drink?" he added.

“ Because if he does, I'll vote for him. People don't drink half enough at this club.”

The mention of Charles Mackay's name reminds me of a story he once told me in connection with a Burns memorial. He had promised to collect shillings for some monument—whether in the form of a scholarship, statue, or simple bust, I really forget—to the honour of Burns, and he applied with confidence for a subscription to an Englishman who had represented in Parliament for many years a certain Scottish borough.

“ No ! ” said Mr. Fortescue Harrison. “ I am no longer in Parliament, and I have now much pleasure in refusing to subscribe the shilling which in former days I should have been obliged to give. What I have suffered through Burns heaven alone can tell ! First I had to praise him in the most fulsome manner, without having read his works. Then I had to learn to recite portions of his poems by heart, and, in doing so, to give the verses as much as possible with a Scotch accent. I have had to walk without my hat, and with the rain pouring down upon my unprotected head as leader of a procession in honour of Burns ; and under these circumstances I refuse with genuine delight to give a shilling, or any smaller sum, towards the object you have in view.”

Far from being offended, Charles Mackay, who had a keen sense of humour, was amused beyond expression.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEGENDS OF LUXEMBURG.

To Luxemburg by a Train of Thought—An English “Reader” and its Difficulties—An Affair of Honour.

An incident once happened to me in the capital of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which would have pleased both Fortescue Harrison and Charles Mackay. I had just entered a café, when the proprietor came up to me and said :

“ From the cut of your shirt collar and the tie of your cravat, I imagine you, sir, to be an Englishman.”

“ You are right,” I replied.

“ I have a daughter,” he continued. “ She is intelligent, docile, and has been educated at one of our best convents.”

“ Is she rich and beautiful ? ” I felt inclined to ask ; for the tone adopted by the father seemed to be that of light comedy. I contented myself, however, with saying, “ Your story interests me.”

“ An unprincipled professor,” continued the father, “ taking advantage of my child’s innocence——”

“ Oh, heavens ! ” I exclaimed.

“ Has, under pretence of instructing her in English, taught her what I conscientiously believe to be Irish.”

"You frighten me!"

"And now," said the afflicted parent, "you will perhaps allow me to introduce her to you, and you will kindly tell me, I hope, what strange tongue she has acquired."

I begged him to take me at once to his much-loved child; but he said she would come to me in the café, and a minute later he brought her in.

She was a serious, thoughtful-looking girl, with the wondering eyes of the Dresden Virgin; and I always think of her in connection with a quatrain inscribed on one of the gates of Luxembourg beneath a picture of the Madonna:

*Si le nom de Marie
Dans ton cœur est gravé,
Passant, n'oublie
De lui dire un Ave.*

I told her that I was not astonished at the profound interest her father took in her education.

"*Mon père a des illusions sur moi,*" she replied.

"Tell the gentleman," said the father, "the name of that English book I bought for you, which you are quite unable to read."

She told me, speaking now in good English, that the book in question was the work of a "Mr. Burens," and that it was in verse.

"The doggrel of some new American humourist," I said to myself. "What a pity to give it to such a girl! However, she did not under-

stand one word of it; so there is no chance of the purity of her English or of her general style being affected."

"What are the poems about? Can you tell me the name of any one of them?" I asked.

"‘Tam o’ Shanter,’" she replied.

Having reached Luxemburg—by way of Charles Mackay, Fortescue Harrison, and Burns—and not being likely to return there very soon, I may here tell a story of that primitive place, in which a much respected friend of mine played a leading part. Metz was his name. He was a strong, well-preserved man of seventy, accustomed to open-air life, a mighty hunter, and the owner of large and lucrative ironworks. He was also the proprietor of the principal newspaper, and, moreover, held some high official post.

There was at that time (three years before the Franco-Prussian War) a German garrison at Luxemburg, whose officers looked upon the homely citizens of the little duchy with disdain. Metz, however, had been elected an honorary member of the Military Casino, and, having introduced there one night a Luxemburg friend, he was very indignant when, on their going away, one of the officers—a Prussian—slammed the door upon them. Metz went back, and told the officer that he should call upon him the next morning for an explanation; but, on presenting himself, he was informed that the officer

had gone out shooting and had left no message. Metz then waited upon the colonel of the regiment, stated his grievance, and declared that he must have an apology or reparation by arms.

The colonel inquired into the matter, and ordered the officer to accept Metz's challenge. The next day all Luxemburg turned out to see the duel, which was to be fought with pistols on the shoot-as-you-please system.

The officer fired immediately after the signal, and missed his antagonist, leaving Metz at liberty to walk up to him and shoot him dead. But Metz did nothing of the kind. He threw his pistol on the ground with a gesture of contempt; and the ill-bred, incompetent officer, who had not only behaved very rudely towards a civilian, but had afterwards failed to kill him, was dismissed from the army.

CHAPTER XV.

A PICNIC IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Tatra Füred—Dean Stanley—A Cure for Melancholia—Mount Lomnitz—Giselle—Her Cow, Dunia—Dunia's Doom—How we made it up to Giselle.

At the foot of Lomnitz, the highest peak in the Carpathians, lies the delightful Hungarian watering-place of Tatra Füred.

It was defended against the tripper, when I first knew it, on one side by a formidable range of mountains and on all sides by a total absence of railways. Two years afterwards I visited it again, when its isolation remained as complete as before. It can now, I believe, be approached by the line from Pesth to Kaschau, and by a branch—towards Käsmark—of the line from Cracow to Lemberg. Nothing can destroy its beauty, nor diminish the invigorating effects of its pure air from the mountains, its pure water from the springs, its pure wine from the vineyards of Tokay.

The only Englishman at Tatra Füred when I first went there was a very illustrious one—Dean Stanley, whom I had left two or three hours previously at Käsmark, and who was waiting lunch for me when I arrived. He had already inscribed his name in the visitors' book, and had written after his signature a

brief note on the entry made by a silly predecessor. "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*" could not but offend his eye, his ear, his memory. He expressed his disgust by putting a short mark over the first "ür," thus, and adding, "Evidently no Latin scholar."

The Dean had recently published his "Lectures on the Greek Church," and, as I was going in a few months to Moscow, he asked me to look for any reviews of the book that might have appeared in the Russian papers, "especially any in controversy of his statements and views." He was on his way to the East, and, having only a few hours to spend at Tatra Füred, wished to see what was most worthy of being seen without a moment's delay. A partial ascent of Mount Lomnitza seemed the best thing to undertake, and I wished to accompany him. But it was hot; there was a blazing sun; and, apart from these considerations, I had to wait for a Hungarian to whom I had forwarded a letter of introduction, and who had sent me word that he would call upon me in less than an hour. This was Mr. Egyid Bercewiczy, one of the principal proprietors of the land around Lomnitza and owner of Lomnitza itself. Most of us would rather possess a mine than a mountain. Some Polish friends of mine, named Homulacz, had mines of coal and of iron on the other side of the mountains, and made a good deal

out of them. But Mount Lomnitz is a fine piece of property all the same.

Bercewiczy introduced me to several Hungarian deputies who were staying at Tatra Füred, some of them men of considerable mark; also to the wife of a Hungarian deputy, whose husband was suffering from melancholia, and who told me that she had brought him to Tatra Füred because the girls there were "so wild" that they would perhaps drive away his sadness, which she herself (she added), though constitutionally of a wild nature, was no longer able to do. Apart from the influence of the lively, bright-eyed, kind-hearted daughters of Hungary, the atmosphere and scenery of the place should have been sufficient to dispel a good part of his gloom, and as a matter of fact he certainly became brisker as time went on.

I found Bercewiczy had been on intimate terms for twelve hours with an old friend of mine, the late Sir Joseph Crowe, who was correspondent of the *Times*, on the Austrian side, in the campaign of 1859, and had been quartered in the same house with Bercewiczy (engineer officer on the General Staff) the evening before the battle of Solferino.

While I was talking with my newly made Hungarian friend we looked towards the big mountain, which rises abruptly from the plain on which the little watering-place has been established, and, lo! there was the Dean, seated on

the back of a mountain pony, with a guide on each side of him, wearing a pith helmet, and carrying an umbrella as protection against the scorching rays of the two o'clock sun. It was magnificent, but it was not mountaineering.

It enabled, however, the energetic and determined little man to see something, during the brief time at his disposal, of the Lomnitzá slopes, with their brilliant beds of coloured herbs and variegated flowers, and of the picturesque heights and valleys by which the chief of the Tatra range is surrounded.

Its gipsy bands, its evening dances—at which the alleged “wildness” of the Hungarian girls showed itself at times in the final cotillon, full of original and grotesque figures; its pleasant dinners, with a picturesque, poetical-looking girl named Gisela as a sort of ornamental waitress, at which the guests, assembled from all parts of Hungary, so soon got to regard one another as old friends; its mountain excursions—its mountain picnics, above all—made of Tatra Füred a place delightful to remember, impossible to forget.

My first experience of a mountain picnic was gained a few days after my arrival at the Lomnitzá watering-place.

I left Tatra Füred early one summer morning with a somewhat numerous party—a sort of pleasure caravan to the Morski Okko and back—which the members of several families

of the neighbouring town of Käsmark had got up, and to which some of the residents at Tatra Füred, with myself included, had been invited to join. Pretty Gisela had been brought on by some of the young women of the party, who knew her well and liked her, and treated her not as any sort of handmaiden, but as a spoiled or rather petted child. She had eyes like the Morski Okko—the Polish name (the Latin equivalent would be *Mars oculus*) of the clear, transparent Polish lake which adorns the crest of one of Lomnitz's neighbouring summits. Gisela had also brown hair, which she wore in plaits with blue ribbon at the ends, and a grass-green skirt and a white bodice with grass-green braces over it.

Anyone would have done anything to oblige her; and I myself often gave her twopence when, after she had finished waiting at the *table d'hôte*, she brought a light for my cigarette.

Her name, too, was charming, for it recalled Heinrich Heine, Théophile Gautier, Carlotta Grisi, the only graceful music that Adolphe Adam ever wrote, and, generally, that charming ballet of *Giselle*, invented by one poet, prepared for the stage by another, and finally danced to fairy-like strains by a veritable fairy.

“Why don't they call you *Giselle*?” I said to her one night, when the *table d'hôte* was well over.

“You always do,” she replied, “but no one

else. I daresay it is the same name, but I was christened Gisela."

We all rode the first part of the way on mountain ponies, called in this part of the world (a Frenchman would say with much propriety) *ross*; though the name which in modern French is given to a worthless horse—a knacker—is only a slight corruption of a word which signifies in ancient German a war-horse, a knightly charger.

When the mountain side became too steep for further riding, we all dismounted, leaving our *vilaines rosses* (which were, however, as agile and as surefooted as cats) in charge of their driver, who was to return to the same spot twenty-four hours later—at twelve o'clock on the following day.

Then we had lunch or dinner. The chaperon of the party—a lively, but very ladylike, young widow of about twenty-four years of age—made a Hungarian stew or *gulacz*, and Gisela superintended the preparation of a "robber's roast." A slender tree or sapling having been cut down and made into a long skewer or spit, a line of fire was made along the ground to suit it. On the spit were placed in recurrent series a slice of steak, a slice of onion, and a slice of bacon. Then two servants held the spit, one at each end, and turned it until the successive groups of beef, onion, and bacon were sufficiently cooked. Gisela removed the impaled articles

of food, placed them on plates—a triplet on each—and had them handed round, with paprica as a condiment. The proper beverage to accompany this dish was Hungarian wine, and we had with us plenty of good tokay.

After a good long rest we started in the afternoon to make the ascent of the steeper part of the mountain, and it was night before we reached the top—the flat summit on which the beautiful Morski Okko reposes. Everyone was tired, and the most active of the men set to work repairing a long wooden hut or place of shelter, built of logs and rafters, which was constantly being blown to pieces, and which had to be put together again whenever a new party of intending occupants arrived.

Most of the party had retired to rest, or, at least, had gone to lie down. But it was difficult to sleep, and it seemed a pity to lose the lovely scenery, more romantic by night than by day. Thus it happened that one by one, and especially two by two, flitting shadows passed from beneath the shelter of logs and rafters and wandered out into the open.

From the women's side of the hut, which was divided into two compartments, the graceful figure of Gisela emerged, just as from the men's side I happened to go forth.

She was more Giselle than ever that night; and the blue sky, the silver moon, the golden stars, the pretty girl standing on the edge of

the lake and gazing at her own magical reflection on its peaceful surface, made up a picture, or rather a vision, which I shall never forget.

“The most charming thing in water colour that I have ever seen,” I said to Gisela, who probably did not know the difference between water colour and oil; and I pointed at the same time to her image on the surface, and yet in the depths of the lake.

“What should you do if I were to throw myself in?” she suddenly asked. I told her that I should hurry down the mountain side to Käsmark, and thence make my way by train to the shores of the Baltic, where she would be sure to turn up; for, according to a Carpathian legend, there is direct communication by a subterranean channel between the Morski Okko and the Baltic Sea.

“Such adventures might happen to the Giselle of your tale,” she answered; “but as for poor Gisela, she would drown.”

“Not unless I had forgotten how to swim,” I answered; “and even if I had, you would not drown alone. Is there no consolation in that thought?”

Suddenly she became pensive.

“What is the matter, Giselle?” I asked.
“What are you thinking of so earnestly?”

“I am thinking of Dunia,” she gravely replied.

“What Dunia?”

“Why, my cow.”

“Your cow!” I exclaimed. “I am wrapped up in you, heart and soul, and all that occupies your mind is that dreadful cow, Dunia!”

“Nothing dreadful about her,” answered Gisela. “She gives excellent milk, and plenty of it, and she is all I possess.”

“I would not hurt a horn of her head,” I replied; “and anyone who loves you, must, of course, love Dunia, your cow. I adore Dunia! If I were a Brahmin, I should worship her.”

“I don’t know what a Brahmin is. But I know you are ridiculing me. Why, you have never seen her!”

“Well, where does she graze?” I asked. “I will pay her a visit. I will present her with a bouquet of clover.”

“I don’t want you to pay her a visit. I only want you not to laugh at me. I have a right to be anxious about her. Don’t you see that a storm is rising?”

“But your cow is not afraid of a shower of rain?”

“The last time there was a storm, only a week ago, she broke her tether—frightened, I suppose, by the thunder—and wandered away to the Zakopane side of the mountain.”

“The Polish side?”

“Exactly so.”

“We are a little on the Polish side now.

Perhaps she will come this way. How delighted I should be to make her acquaintance!"

"No; she is tethered firmly this time. But she might break away, all the same. And then there are robbers on the mountains. Oh, she is exposed to all kinds of dangers!"

"What would the robbers want with her?"

"They might sell her in the market at Kaschau, or Käsmark, or Cracow, if they dared to take her so far. She is worth at least fifteen, or perhaps even eighteen, gulden. Oh, Dunia is an excellent cow!"

"If the robbers were seen with your cow," I said, "everyone would know that they had stolen her."

"They might keep her in a wood, and send down word that they would kill her if she was not ransomed; and I could not afford to ransom her. Indeed, I have not the money."

I told her, of course, that I would lend it to her.

"Then, there is another thing," Gisela went on. "They are such wretches that they might kill her just to have one good meal off her, poor thing!"

"What a feast they would have!" I replied.

"How many of them are there?"

"There were about twenty of them last year. But a few—only a few, I am sorry to say—have been caught and executed."

"One of them has a pair of boots of mine," I said.

“Boots of yours?” she exclaimed, looking first at my feet and then inquiringly into my eyes.

“I will explain,” I answered. “I was staying at Cracow. One night I put my boots outside my bedroom door in the ordinary way, and the next morning found that they had gone, and the waiter who usually attended me with them. The proprietor of the hotel came upstairs to apologise, to explain, and to inquire. The man, he said, was a professional robber. He had carried off twenty-five pairs of boots, wrapped up in a sheet, which he had stolen from one of the beds.

“He had even asked some of the gentlemen in the hotel, and some of the ladies too, to pay their bills, and had taken away the money.”

“And where do you suppose he has gone?”

“He went to the Carpathians. Gendarmes have been sent on his track, but they will never catch him.”

“And he actually stole your boots!” exclaimed Gisela. “But they did something more daring even than that,” she continued, “one day last year at Tatra Füred.”

“What was it?” I asked.

“Just when the *table d'hôte* was going on, between six and seven o'clock, they suddenly appeared in the garden, arriving there at a running pace from three different points, approached the dining-room end, presented their carbines at the honourable company in such a way that if

any one of the party had risen from table he could have been shot dead. While fifteen of the brigands were keeping the people at the *table d'hôte* in the places they actually occupied, five or six others were on the opposite side of the gardens, in the little châlets, where, as you know, the sitting-rooms and bed-rooms are. When they had collected all the money, all the jewellery, all the watches and chains they could find, a sentinel, whom they had left outside the châlets, made a signal to the brigands who held in their power the visitors at the *table d'hôte*. Then they all withdrew, taking with them as hostage Pan Iscariotski, the Polish gentleman from Galicia, whom you don't like."

"Say the Polish Jew, or gipsy, or Tartar from Szawnica, who looks at you so much. It is not because he is a Jew—Heine, who wrote so beautifully about Giselle, was a Jew—or because he is a gipsy, or a Tartar; it is because he is always staring rudely and offensively at you, that I dislike him. But the idea of taking him as hostage! Everyone would have been delighted if the brigands had shot him."

"All jealousy!" exclaimed Gisela. "In any case, they took Pan Iscariotski with them about a hundred yards up Mount Lomnitz, and then, when they saw that they were not being followed, let him go. How white he looked when he returned!"

"Not his hands, I am sure!"

“ How much you hate him ! ” said Gisela.

At this moment there was a clap of thunder, accompanied, or it may be preceded, by a flash of lightning. The two phenomena seemed to occur simultaneously. The face of the lake was illuminated, and the echoes of the thunder reverberated through the mountains. Then the rain began to fall. The water came down as in a shower-bath, the heavy drops so close together that they formed sheets, which enveloped us from head to foot.

The lightning was in sheets, the rain was in sheets, while the clouds hung like blankets over everything, darkening the whole scene, which a minute before had been so bright. In less than a minute we were soaked to the skin, as though buckets had been poured over us.

“ Oh, Giselle ! ” I cried, taking her by her wet hands.

“ Oh, Dunia ! ” she exclaimed in reply.

I could have shot that cow, had she been within range, and the necessary weapon within reach. I contented myself, however, with calling upon Gisela not to trouble herself about horned beasts, but to hurry back with me as fast as possible to the wooden hut. I thought I should have had to drag her along ; but she ran as fast as I did.

She was as wet, poor child ! as though she had made the plunge, of which she had spoken, into the waters of the Morski Okko. I had neither

overcoat nor wrap to offer her, and she was dressed in her usual white habit-shirt or bodice, or whatever it ought to be called, and her green skirt.

Fugitives from the fury of the storm were now rushing in from every side, all drenched, but all in excellent spirits. No one had any change of clothing, not even a nightdress. What could be done with nightdresses when there were no beds? But a dry Hungarian friend of mine—a hussar—lent Gisela his blue braided jacket, and she borrowed a skirt from one lady who had not left the hut, and some necessary article of clothing from another. She had, of course, to take her shoes and stockings off, and while they were being dried the hussar lent her his long boots, which she had some difficulty—of a moral rather than of a physical kind—in getting on. We, in any case, saved her life. If she had been left in her wet clothes, she would certainly have died.

It was about half-past three in the morning. The storm had ceased, the sun had risen, and it was possible to go outside and build up an immense wood fire, which, lighted inside, would have set the hut in flames. Here Gisela dried her clothes, and I tried to do the same with mine. But this was a longer and more difficult job. I had borrowed a long coat from the tallest man of the party, and from another a pair of long riding boots, and thus attired I was fortunately able to dispense with borrowed trousers.

The storm had entirely washed all the starch out of us—such starch as there may have been—though from the very beginning there was not much. The men who had lent their coats and their boots had to go about in their shirts, their trousers, and their socks, and they, of course, kept inside the hut. So too did the young women who, for the benefit of their half-drowned sisters, had divested themselves of such articles of apparel as they could manage to do without.

Gisela had got her head so wet that she was obliged to undo her plaits, and dry her hair as well as she could before the blazing fire. The only available comb that could be found was a small pocket comb, the property of a young Hungarian lieutenant (not the hussar), who was in the habit of using it every five minutes or so for arranging his moustache. For such a forest of hair as Gisela possessed this was insufficient; but it was the best we could do for her. All offers to act as her hairdresser were respectfully declined.

Tea and coffee were now made. We had a large Russian samovar with us, and the servants had brought up several baskets of pots, pans, cups and saucers.

Then we went to take a last look at the lake, now fresh and smiling, without a trace of the agitation that had passed over it and troubled its darkened surface during the stormy night.

Finally, we had to descend the mountain in the direction of Käsmark. At the appointed place

we met the ponies. There we had an *al fresco* lunch, drank one another's healths, in token of the fact that this was the last meal we were ever to have together, got upon our *rosses* and went down the slope. The young women of the party—all of them charming in disposition, and many of them charming also by their beauty—picked a quantity of mountain flowers and distributed them among the grateful strangers of the party.

I stopped at the Käsmark hotel that night, in order to be able to pay a visit of thanks the next morning to the youthful chaperon and some of her friends, who had done so much to render agreeable and delightful our visit to the Morski Okko.

Gisela and several of the residents at Tatra Füred, had driven back there direct from Käsmark—a distance, as far as I can remember (it is thirty years since!) of some eight or ten miles. When I arrived at Tatra Füred, the next day towards dinner time, I found Gisela in tears. A bear hunt had been organised the night before. In spite of some protests from the chief of the party, Iscariotski had at last been allowed to join, and, firing before he had any right to do so, had shot in the darkness of the night, not the brown bear that was being stalked, but poor Gisela's cow.

So eloquent, so touching, were the young girl's plaintive sobs that the shooters of the night before—the Hungarian hussar, the infantry officer

with the comb, and myself—got up a subscription to buy her a new cow, on the understanding that Iscariotski was never again to be allowed in the neighbourhood of Lomnitz to carry a gun ; and contributions from half a dozen of her best friends, added to ours, gave the now joyful Gisela at least twice the value of the unhappy Dunia.

“I am very much obliged to you all,” she said, when the money was handed to her ; and she afterwards confided to me, with a sweet smile, that she should have no objection to her second cow being shot like the first, if she felt sure that she would be compensated for her loss in the same liberal manner.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREIGN GENERALS IN ENGLISH SERVICE.

General von Stutterheim—The Swiss or German Legion—Count Ladislas Zamoyski—His Eventful Career—His Knowledge of English Life—“Only a Borough Member.”

AN interesting man whom I met when the Crimean War was just beginning was Major von Stutterheim, from Hanover, who suddenly became General von Stutterheim when he was placed in charge of a certain body of foreign mercenaries, called officially the “Swiss Legion.” Things, however, often get called by their proper names, and “German Legion” was the name popularly given to the force under Stutterheim’s command. When Moltke about this time came to England in attendance upon Prince Frederick of Prussia (afterwards Crown Prince), he had a look at the Legion, and saw at once that it was composed of deserters from the Prussian army. He even mentions in one of his letters from England the particular corps to which most of them belonged. They were, doubtless, reserve men who had already done their three years with the colours, or their desertion would not have been passed over so readily. Nor could it have been so easily effected.

Colonel von Moltke, as he then was, made

General von Stutterheim's acquaintance, and formed a good opinion of him.

Stutterheim held strong views on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and favoured the Prussian solution as the only one that could check the power of Russia in the Baltic. About dynastic rights he did not seem to care. England, he thought, must be blind not to see that Kiel in Prussia's hands would be a defence against Russia; in Danish hands only a temptation.

But to adopt Stutterheim's view it was necessary to believe, as he did (Anno 1854), in Prussia as the preponderating power in Germany, in German unity, and a German fleet.

Stutterheim was a medium-sized, dark, bullet-headed man, with short black hair already in a partial state of decadence, a friend of the Duke of Cambridge, and interested in political and literary as well as military matters. He thought our regiments excellent as regiments, and wondered whether any inconvenience would arise from their not having been accustomed to manœuvre in large bodies.

Another foreign officer entrusted with the formation of an auxiliary legion (we were somewhat dependent in those days upon mercenaries) was Count Ladislas Zamoyski, whose corps was to be composed of Poles. He had served in the Polish national army formed in 1815 and abolished after the insurrection of 1830; and in

the rebellion against Russia had acted as Chief of Staff (or, in the more idiomatic language of our navy, "Staff Commander") to General Remorino. Count Zamoyski received, like Stutterheim, the rank of General, and it was believed that the sight of Polish eagles and the sound of Polish national music would bring over to the Allied Army numbers of Poles incorporated in Russian regiments. Polish soldiers, however, are Polish peasants clothed in military garb; and the peasantry of Poland are for the most part without patriotism.

But, at least, it was thought the Polish officers would come over. They did not do so. Nor, it is true, did the Polish Legion ever find its way to the Crimea.

Some time after the war I asked a Polish officer in a Russian regiment how it was that none of his fellow-countrymen joined the enemy.

"In the first place," he replied, "there was no serious intention of restoring Poland; and, apart from that, an officer who in the presence of the enemy forsakes his brother-officers is under all circumstances a scoundrel."

The Pole was undoubtedly right.

Count Ladislas Zamoyski gained nothing for his country by the Crimean War, and nothing for himself except the title of General. If the Poles meant to rise again, it was then that they should have done so. They preferred, however, to rise eight years later, when neither

England, France, Italy, nor Turkey, was at war with Russia.

Count Ladislas Zamoyski was a great friend of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, and of the Whig aristocracy generally.

A kinsman of his, Prince Adam Czartoryski, was an intimate friend of the Lord Lansdowne of his day, and was on a visit at Lansdowne House when the news arrived in 1794 of Kosciuszko's insurrection, and of the mustering of his army at Cracow; whereupon the young Pole hastened towards Galicia, but was arrested on his way by Russian agents at Brussels and carried off to St. Petersburg, where he was well received and kindly treated by the Empress Catherine, but detained as a hostage.

Count Ladislas Zamoyski played an important part in connection with the Polish insurrection of 1863. He had been away from Poland for more than thirty years, which was not thought to incapacitate him for acting as adviser to Lord John Russell when, after Prince Gortschakoff had consented to an "interchange of ideas," it became his supposed duty to demand for Poland certain reforms, the most important of which had already been granted. Count Ladislas Zamoyski was a tall, fine, distinguished-looking man, with a strange eye and a maimed hand.

One night, at Lord Palmerston's, he was standing next to Mr. Delane, the editor of the

Times, who could not abide the Poles, when Lord Palmerston introduced him.

“I do homage to power,” said Count Ladislas, and Mr. Delane made some courteous reply; but the acquaintance was not likely to lead to friendly relations, nor, as a matter of fact, did it.

“The *Times* once spoke of us as ‘obstinate dreamers,’ ” said Count Zamoyski in telling me of this introduction; “and an obstinate dreamer I still remain.”

He had usually one or two young Poles of good family staying with him, sent out as a sort of attachés to learn from and through him lessons of English political life. He was thoroughly familiar with English politics, and knew the precise value to attach to this and that utterance of a public man. One evening I went down with him to the House of Commons to hear a debate on Polish affairs, when one of the speeches was very unfavourable to the Poles.

“Never mind,” said Count Zamoyski; “he is only a borough member.”

He was a thorough-going aristocrat, but kindly maintained that the aristocracy ought to behave respectfully towards the rest of the nation. He even believed in the utility, not to say necessity, of a democracy.

“An aristocracy without a democracy,” I once heard him say, “is like beef without

mustard; but a democracy without an aristocracy is like mustard without beef."

"He takes high views," said a fellow-countryman of his, "but narrow ones."

He was one of the last persons who understood the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna in regard to the Poles; and even he did not quite understand them, or he would have known that the object of the Emperor Alexander in proclaiming himself King of Poland was to conciliate his Polish subjects, so as to draw towards Russia the disaffected Polish subjects of Prussia and Austria; and that the one fear entertained by Great Britain, France, Austria and Prussia was, not that Alexander I. would oppress his Polish subjects, but that he would treat them too liberally. Why did he give them a national army? Certainly not with the remotest suspicion that it would ever be used against Russia.

General von Stutterheim and General Ladislas Zamoyski never met, or they would have understood one another on the subject of Russia regarded as an anti-European Power.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST.

Bakunin and his quartette of Famous Contemporaries—Turguénéff's Friendship—And Herzen's—Bakunin's Tempestuous Temperament—Some Characteristics—His Life in England—Herzen's Paper, *The Bell*—Bakunin's Record as a Revolutionary—His Attitude towards the Two Czars—Revolutionary Extremists—The Geneva Peace Meeting of 1867—Bakunin's Project for the Government of Russia—its *reductio ad absurdum*—A Ruling Passion and its Nemesis—Bakunin and Stepaniak.

SOME sixty years ago five young Russians, friends and associates, destined all in different ways and in different degrees to play an important part in literature and politics, were pursuing their studies at home and abroad. Three of them—Herzen, Ogareff, and Bakunin—became revolutionists of a most uncompromising character—a strong point in favour of the Emperor Nicholas's well-known mistrust of "the higher education." Of the two others, one was Turguénéff, the most celebrated of Russian novelists, the other Katkoff, hitherto the only Russian journalist who has become known outside his own country.

Turguénéff, while contributing to the magazines edited by Mr. Katkoff—a firm supporter of Imperial authority, though not, originally, of Imperial despotism—never separated himself altogether from the friends and fellow-students who had turned revolutionists. When, in due time,

Bakunin found himself confined in the St. Petersburg fortress, Turguénéff, with characteristic kind-heartedness, wrote to the Emperor Nicholas—with whom, as an author of liberal tendencies, he was by no means in good odour—begging permission to send the prisoner some books; and at a later period, when Bakunin, after his escape from Siberia, was living in London on the slenderest means, Turguénéff engaged to pay £60 a year towards the fund which Alexander Herzen was raising for Bakunin's benefit. To this fund Herzen himself was the principal contributor—partly as donor direct, partly as paymaster for articles which, by their anti-Russian and not merely anti-despotic character, were to prove the ruin of the journal which Herzen was bringing out in London.

"Herzen," said to me one day Prince Peter Dolgorouki, author of "*La Vérité sur la Russie*," and a book of more permanent interest called "*Hand-book of the Russian Nobility*," "could not govern two cats." He certainly could not govern one Bakunin, who was not a cat, but a tiger, or rather a lion. "Titan with a lion's head and a lion's mane," Herzen once called him.

At another time, when he was thinking of visiting the Alps while Bakunin was living at Geneva, Herzen said: "If I go to the Swiss mountains, I shall have that avalanche, Bakunin, upon me."

There was, indeed, something overpowering

and crushing, as well as volcanic and explosive, about Bakunin. He was an engine of destruction in the form less of a man than of a monster ; an affable, good-natured, boyish sort of monster when he was at play, but a powerful, destructive force, a torpedo, a hammer of Thor, when he was in earnest, and engaged in the revolutionary work he so passionately loved. Secret meetings, telegrams in cypher, letters in invisible ink, numbers in lieu of names ; these preparatory details, these *hors d'œuvres* of insurrection, delighted him almost as much as the more serious business of taking up arms.

It must be explained that Turguénéff helped Bakunin from the generosity of his nature and out of pity for the misfortunes of an old friend and college associate (Katkoff, Bakunin, and Turguénéff had been students together at the University of Berlin) ; not because he felt any sympathy for the wild ideas, the violent projects, of a born Anarchist, who without ever enjoying the opportunity (which, during the Polish insurrection of 1863, he so eagerly sought) of striking a blow against the Government of his own country, took up arms against the Austrian Government at Prague, against the Saxon Government at Dresden, and finally, as one last dying performance and without the faintest practical reason, against the Italian Government at Bologna. It must be added, to make this brief and summary record of his political performances

complete, that before going to Prague, Bakunin took part at Paris with his friend and revolutionary associate, August Roeckel, in organising a demonstration for or against (it matters not which) the National Guard. It was in Paris that he made the acquaintance of the notorious Caussidière, whose estimate of him as a revolutionist was as follows: "Excellent the first day, fit only to be shot the second."

Like the believers in "art for art," he loved revolution for its own sake. On his way, in 1849, from Prague, where he had just failed, to Dresden, where he hoped to succeed, he came to a manor-house which was being besieged by insurgent peasantry. He corrected the formation of the assailants, showed them how to set the house on fire, and continued his journey.

In England, to do him justice, Bakunin lived in an orderly manner. Not only did he make no attempt to subvert the monarchy, not only did he abstain, in his letters, from criticising, in a hostile spirit, our institutions and laws, but he spoke with apparent disapproval of one of the leading Radicals of his time as "that iconoclast, Bradlaugh." The name might, with literal exactness, have been applied to Bakunin himself; for when in 1849 Dresden was being defended by the revolutionists, under Wagner the composer, Roeckel the conductor, and Bakunin the destroyer, against the Prussians, who were on the point of bombarding the Saxon

capital, he proposed that the celebrated Madonna of the Sistine Chapel should be taken from its place of honour in the Dresden Gallery and together with the famous Holbein, several Murillos, and other pictures of special excellence, be exhibited on the city walls ; "the Prussians," he said, with pleasant cynicism, "having too fine a sense of art to cast shells in the direction of such masterpieces."

London, to this retired artillery officer, this sworn revolutionist of the past, present, and future, was merely a safe and convenient position from which to direct his fire at foes in Russia ; and in all probability he would never have come to London but that his friends Herzen and Ogareff were here before him, and here edited the famous Russian revolutionary journal, the *Bell*. To this sheet Bakunin had been a constant contributor during his enforced residence in Siberia, where in the highest Governmental circles and among exiles of distinction, the incendiary print formed the favourite reading of a select few. Nothing, then, was more natural than that Bakunin should attach himself to its staff as soon as he had effected his escape and made his way to England. It was equally a matter of course that he should want, at the earliest opportunity, to upset the politics of the paper, and that his pro-Polish, and therefore anti-Russian, policy should at last have had the effect of destroying the paper itself. A radical reform

of the Russian Governmental system was one thing to aim at ; a diminution of Russian power through the abandonment of Poland, quite another.

The *Bell*, though its articles were full of revolutionary ideas, never in a formal manner proposed armed insurrection until Bakunin joined it. Herzen and Ogareff advocated very important reforms, many of which—such as emancipation of the serfs, introduction of oral evidence and of the jury system in judicial proceedings, the formation of district and provincial assemblies, with various administrative reforms—were already in contemplation, and sure, before long, to be promulgated, as they afterwards, in fact, were. Much more than this, however, was demanded by the *Bell*; and Bakunin maintained that his friends were calling out for what Russian autocracy could not consistently concede, nor concede at all without committing suicide ; for which reason he was in favour of smashing up all Russian institutions into small pieces, and reconstructing everything from the base upwards. He was bound, moreover, he said, to put his ideas into action—to practise what he preached—and, an insurrection having broken out in Poland, it was his duty, and the duty of the *Bell*, with which he was associated, to make use of this insurrection as a possible means of breaking up the Russian State.

He reproached Herzen and Ogareff with being “ideologists” and visionaries. Herzen, on his side, accused Bakunin of looking upon every idea as realisable immediately after its conception. “You mistake,” he once wrote to him, “the second month of gestation for the ninth.”

Herzen, moreover, a great prose writer, and Ogareff, a very agreeable poet, believed in the pen—an instrument for which Bakunin, warlike and ferocious, entertained but a limited respect. When Bakunin first proposed to organise an armed insurrection in Russia, Ogareff wrote him a remarkable letter, asking him whether he did not wish to make this impossible attempt in order to satisfy his restless nature and to escape from the inactivity which weighed so heavily upon him. “If such be the case,” he ended, “I declare myself your enemy. Meanwhile I am your affectionate friend.”

When, in 1863, Bakunin hired a vessel to take him, with a supply of arms, to the little seaport of Polangen, on the Baltic, his two associates were less opposed to him; though, according to Bakunin himself, it was Herzen’s son who caused the expedition to fail. The Poles, however, would never have believed in the sincerity of Bakunin’s co-operation, which he was unable, moreover, in any practical manner, to offer.

Bakunin had studied philosophy, and was a man of intellect as well as of action. But he tells Herzen, in more than one letter, that he has no

pretension to be considered a writer. He did not even take the trouble to jot down an account of his own extraordinary adventures between 1848, the year of so many revolutions in Europe, when he made (at Paris) his first appearance in public life, and 1863, the year of the Polish insurrection, which virtually brought his active career to a close.

I first heard of him in 1862, at Moscow, from Katkoff, who, just after the news had arrived of Bakunin's escape from Siberia, told me of his early intimacy with him at the University of Berlin, and without recommending me to make his acquaintance in London, said enough about him to make me very desirous of doing so. Soon afterwards, at Berlin, I happened to meet the Secretary to the Governor of Eastern Siberia—General Muravieff, afterwards known as "Amur-ski" (of the Amur)—who spoke of Bakunin in terms of the bitterest reproach.

"I hope to see him in London," I had said, "and I shall ask him to give me some account of his escape."

"He will not tell you!" exclaimed the Secretary. "The circumstances were too shameful. He was treated with the greatest consideration, and he abused in the most treacherous manner the confidence placed in him."

Bakunin told me, however, frankly enough, without my asking him, that he had escaped through a carefully planned stratagem. He

affected a taste for long shooting expeditions, and by permission of the authorities absented himself for periods of increasing length, until at last he reached the coast and got away altogether on board an American ship.

Many years afterwards my interest in Bakunin was increased through making the acquaintance of August Roeckel, his associate, together with Richard Wagner, in the revolutionary movement at Dresden; and Mr. Roeckel afterwards sent me a pamphlet containing many interesting details about that strange affair in which, after the defeat—as during the struggle—both Roeckel and Bakunin behaved in the most heroic manner.

Finally, the late Professor Dragomiroff, formerly of the University of Kieff, afterwards of the University of Sofia, collected and published a number of Bakunin's letters, addressed for the most part to Herzen, and after Herzen's death to Ogareff, which, without throwing any new light on Bakunin's character, furnish some new particulars as to his actions and views. In annotating the letters, Professor Dragomiroff falls now into culpable error, as when he confounds General Muravieff of Eastern Siberia with General Muravieff, Military Governor of Wilna during the Polish insurrection of 1863; now into wilful mendacity, as when he asserts that General Ignatieff, friend and colleague of the Siberian Muravieff, induced him to accept the

governorship of Wilna, at a time when severity could scarcely be avoided, "in order to ruin him in public opinion."

At the Berlin University Bakunin seems to have distinguished himself more by his energy and enthusiasm at academical rejoicings, and in students' processions, than by political manifestations of a direct kind. He studied, however, sufficiently to be able to write a pamphlet on the philosophy of Schelling, and he became such a convinced Hegelian that after his return to Russia he showed himself a warm supporter of despotism, on the ground that everything which existed could be accounted for and had its reason for existing. If, then, despotism existed in Russia, the circumstances of the country demanded its existence; and such existence must therefore be maintained. Q.E.D.

As it was customary, not to say obligatory, for every man of noble birth in Russia to enter the State service, Bakunin, whose family was an ancient one in the "government" or province of Tver, decided to qualify himself for the artillery. He accordingly entered the artillery school at St. Petersburg, and after passing his examination applied for a commission in the Imperial guard, which, in addition to other advantages, would have involved residence in the capital. He possessed the necessary qualifications in regard to birth, social position, and pecuniary means. But for reasons not explained

he was appointed to some regiment of line artillery, stationed in a provincial town. Here he found life intolerable. The society of his brother-officers bored him. He led what was considered an indolent, but may really have been a studious, existence, remained as much as possible by himself, and after a few years' service resigned his commission.

Turguénéff was now occupying himself with literature and the pleasures of a country life, while Herzen was writing novels which contained too much criticism of men and things to please the authorities. M. de Vogué, in his admirable study of novel literature in Russia, has shown how from generation to generation Russian writers have made use of the novel in order to express ideas which, presented in direct critical form, would not have been tolerated. Herzen, however, dared overmuch. The Censorship protested, and the administrative authorities sent him, not to Siberia, as many have imagined, but to a town in Eastern Russia. On being released, however, after a short term of confinement, he came to the conclusion that he could no longer publish anything in Russia; "not even," he declared, "though he praised serfdom and Siberian exile, the domination of bayonets, and government by the stick."

Ogareff, meanwhile, was making earnest endeavours to benefit the peasants on his estate by means of innovations which led (as one of his

friends and neighbours in Russia assured me) to the ruin of both peasants and proprietor.

He also cultivated literature; and those who are unable to read his poetry in Russian may form some idea of his literary talent generally, and, above all, of his political views, from a very interesting book on Russia written in French and dedicated to the late Professor Pearson, who had published a volume full of just observations on Russia and of good will towards Russians, called "Russia: By a Recent Traveller."

Katkoff was now a professor at the University of Moscow. He also contributed to Russian reviews; though it was only after the death of the Emperor Nicholas that he started his own periodical, *The Russian Messenger*, and became soon afterwards the proprietor and editor of the more widely known *Moscow Gazette*.

Of the three Russians who embraced what Bakunin calls "the revolutionary career"—that is to say, Herzen, Ogareff, and Bakunin himself—not one had been expelled from Russia. Bakunin, indeed, after leaving the country of his own accord, was, after a time, sent back there under escort, "extradited" by Austria. The French Revolution of 1848 must have come to him as a delightful surprise. He was in Paris at the time with Roeckel, who had apparently quitted his post as assistant conductor at the Dresden Opera House, where Richard Wagner was conductor-in-chief, in order to enjoy a

brief revolutionary holiday. We know, on the authority of Shakespeare, what to expect from "the man that hath not music in his soul"; but both Wagner and Roeckel behaved in a most unmusical manner.

Apart from the introduction of liberty into Russia through the disbandment of the Russian army, the destruction of the autocracy, and the division of the country into a number of self-governing districts, each with its own council-general, Bakunin aimed at the liberation and federation of all Slavonian lands, with the total destruction of Austria as a condition precedent. The unification of Germany on a democratic basis was another feature in his programme; and if it was for Panslavism that he fought at Prague, it was on behalf of German unity that, with August Roeckel and Richard Wagner, he headed the insurrection at Dresden. At the moment of defeat, Wagner fled to Weimar, whence Liszt, after shielding him for some time from the police, enabled him to reach Paris. Roeckel, however, showed himself as staunch as Bakunin himself, and both went to prison rather than obtain forgiveness through a formal act of submission. Wagner sent Roeckel the score of *Lohengrin* to console him in his captivity, and Roeckel was still studying the work when the King—a high-minded, kind-hearted monarch, who hated the character of tyrant—learnt one day from his minister, Count

Beust, that Roeckel had not yet been liberated. His Majesty at once ordered him to be set free. But before receiving full pardon, it was thought indispensable that the offender should ask for it, and at the same time express regret. Roeckel, however, refused to do anything of the kind; until at last Count Beust, a man of resource, got Roeckel's sister to say how sorry she was for her unhappy brother, after which the obstinate captive was turned out.

Bakunin, meanwhile, had to deal with jailers less benevolent than the Saxon King. Refusing to beg for mercy, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. This, however, was only a matter of form, and his punishment was at once commuted to perpetual imprisonment. After three years, moreover, he was liberated, though only to be handed over to the Austrians, who, to punish him for the part he had taken in the Prague insurrection, sent him to Olmütz, where for three years he was kept in prison, chained to the wall of his cell. Then his tormentors extradited him to his own country, and the late Sir William White, who had paid some attention to Bakunin's extraordinary career, told me that, before delivering him up, they put him into the scales, and took a receipt for him, certifying that a prisoner named Michael Bakunin had been handed over to the Russian authorities in good condition and weighing so many pounds. He was a heavy

man at the time ; but that the treatment to which he had been subjected had maintained him in “good condition” may well be doubted.

At St. Petersburg Bakunin was thrown into the fortress named, inappropriately, after the apostles Peter and Paul ; and here, through the kind intervention of Turguénéff (as already mentioned), he was allowed to receive books. Here, too, he was visited by an emissary from the Emperor Nicholas—a colonel in the army—who asked him to write, for the information of the Tsar, a full account of the Slavonic movement at Prague, and of his reasons for joining it. “Tell him all,” said the colonel. “Regard him as your spiritual father, and yourself as his spiritual son.”

Bakunin set forth his Panslavistic theories ; showed that, in order to realise them, Austria and Turkey, each with so many Slavonian subjects, must both be destroyed ; and could have had no difficulty in proving that the action he had taken at Prague tended, in its final results, towards the greater glory, the increased strength, of Russia. Nicholas, however, was too conservative a monarch to care for the aggrandisement of his Empire through revolution in the territories of his neighbours ; and the project, moreover, was chimerical. After reading Bakunin’s paper, the Emperor declared him to be a “man of ideas, but dangerous.” One would have thought that after entering into direct communication with his

prisoner, and receiving from him a sort of confession, the Sovereign would either have liberated him or, at least, have lightened his punishment. The Emperor Nicholas, however, was in the habit of interrogating his political prisoners, doing so at times in person. It did not at all follow that because he wished to know what motives had prompted them, he would therefore let them out; and Bakunin, having been pronounced "dangerous," was still kept in confinement. The cells of the Petropaulovsky fortress are known to be damp, probably by reason of their nearness to the river Neva, by which they are occasionally inundated; and Bakunin now suffered terribly from tooth-ache, and from some scorbutic malady through which his teeth dropped out. He had lost all hope of freedom when news of the death of Nicholas and of the accession of Alexander II. reached him.

Herzen, in London, hearing of this momentous event, felt sure that a new era was dawning for Russia, and threw halfpence, and even sixpences, to the boys in the street, that he might hear them call out, "The Emperor Nicholas is dead!"

Bakunin in his prison was less joyful. But a ray of hope visited him, and Alexander II., without liberating him, allowed him first to visit his family, and afterwards to go, almost as a free man, to Siberia, where, in the eastern division, governed by Muravieff, a cousin of Bakunin, he was subjected to no kind of restraint.

Strange as to most persons it will appear, Bakunin felt not the slightest gratitude towards Alexander II., who had shown all the clemency possible in the circumstances. He seems to have judged men, not by their acts, but by something in their character which pleased or displeased him. Nothing illustrates this subjectivity of his more forcibly than his mental attitude towards the unrelenting Nicholas and towards the merciful, kind-hearted Alexander II.—the former, his tyrant and persecutor, even after seeking and obtaining from him a frank confession; the latter, his liberator and benefactor.

An appeal having been made by Bakunin's sister to Alexander II., the new Emperor read the communication which Bakunin, a few years previously, had addressed to the Emperor Nicholas, and thereupon observed that it "contained no sign of repentance."

"Why," asks Bakunin in one of his letters, "did he expect to find expressions of repentance in the paper I sent to his father? The idiot!" he exclaims; and in another place he declares that Alexander II.—"that calf, gone mad—has brought about more deaths than Nicholas ever caused"; a statement substantially incorrect, and which, even if it were true, would not prove Nicholas to be a better man or a wiser sovereign than Alexander II.

No part of Bakunin's strange and varied life

is more curious than the years he spent in Eastern Siberia, with General Muravieff and General Ignatieff as his associates and intimate friends. They were both, according to Bakunin, ardent reformers; and they both, indirectly at least, contributed to Herzen's famous journal, the *Bell*. They communicated their ideas, that is to say, to Bakunin, who transmitted them in form to his editor. Ignatieff had but recently returned from China, where, by his skilful intervention between the French and British on the one hand, and the Chinese on the other, he had obtained a very important increase of territory for his own Government. He was afterwards, when he had been appointed to the Embassy at Constantinople, to become known throughout Europe by his Panslavistic activity.

Muravieff, as Bakunin assured Herzen in his private letters, was strongly opposed to the existing system in Russia, and was resolved, on quitting his appointment as Governor of Eastern Siberia, to retire into private life rather than accept the office of Minister of the Interior which would, he believed, on the retirement of Valouieff, be offered to him. But the outrages of the Nihilists at St. Petersburg, the all but groundless insurrection in Poland, and the attitude of the intervening Powers, leagued without the slightest justification against Russia, extinguished the liberal ideas which had occupied the minds of all intelligent Russians since the accession of

Alexander II.; and the safety of the State was now recognised as the first and only object worth considering. The *Bell*, which had supported the Poles, was regarded as the enemy, not only of the Russian Government, but of the Russian nation; and, left without readers, it ceased to appear.

The Russia of the present day may certainly claim to have produced wilder revolutionary types than any previously known. Some of them appear to have astonished even Bakunin, himself sufficiently ferocious. He speaks in his letters of one young man who seems to have realised in his own person the morbid conception of M. Huysman, the corrupt French novelist. M. Huysman imagines a rich and highly cultivated man tired of existence, who, to give himself a new interest in life, and to increase the destructive agencies by which a rotten and expiring society is already attacked, breeds a criminal. The method pursued by M. Huysman's thief-breeder consists in accustoming his pupil to idle and voluptuous habits, to a life of general depravity, and then suddenly stopping his supplies. Bakunin's young man robs men and ruins women in order to increase as much as possible the number of the miserable and the rebellious. The more suffering he causes the more surely (he argues) does he work towards the disintegration of society and the augmentation of the revolutionary class.

The young wretch fairly shocked Bakunin, who was manly, courageous, without vices, and (apart from politics) kindly disposed to all around him. Another juvenile offender, of "advanced" revolutionary views, a member of the Russian Nihilistic mob assembled at Geneva, advocated the formation of a band of brigands; not ordinary thieves, but political plunderers, who were to seize property on principle whenever they could conveniently get hold of it, and apply it to the maintenance of a revolutionary and Nihilistic propaganda which might otherwise, for want of funds, die out.

At the peace meeting of Geneva in 1867, held under the presidency of Garibaldi, who was at that moment preparing his attack on Rome, Bakunin, in the course of a long speech in favour of peace, set forth the main points of his project for the government, or rather non-government, of Russia. The Russian army was in the first place to be disbanded; after which the various nationalities comprised in the Russian Empire would be at liberty to work out their own salvation. Russia proper, meanwhile, was to be governed neither as a state nor by separate provinces, nor even by districts, but only by communes, each commune being self-governing and independent.

"Why not go a step farther?" cried someone. "Why stop at communes? Why not have independent self-governing families?"

"Why stop at families?" cried another political philosopher, this time evidently in jest, and with a view to obvious absurdity. "Why not vest all power in independent self-governing individuals?"

Just after the meeting, I chanced to meet Bakunin outside a café.

"Come in, *mon cher ennemi*," he said, "and let us have a chat."

"Why enemy?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "you are the correspondent of a superficially Liberal but fundamentally Conservative paper, so that if you were to write in favour of me, your letter would not be published, whereas if you write against me it will."

I assured him with perfect truth that I should not write anything for or against him, but should merely reproduce in brief and without comment his plan for the reorganisation of Russia.

"It is not intended for Russia alone," he said. "It is applicable to all countries."

One point to which he attributed the highest importance was the abolition of armies. He wanted neither oppression at home nor war abroad. It was not the physical horrors of war that he was thinking of so much as the bitter, malevolent feelings generated by it; the overbearing haughtiness of the conquerors, the anguish and humiliation of the conquered. If countries were everywhere divided into

self-governing provinces, departments, districts and villages, all pride of state, all delight in power as represented by millions of bayonets, would, he said, come to an end.

Herzen, Ogareff, Bakunin, were all devoted to the Russian peasantry. But for the Russian, Polish, and other rabble assembled at Geneva they none of them cared. Bakunin expressed for the revolutionary scum the greatest antipathy. Prince Peter Dolgorouki said that the Nihilists, as they all called themselves, were of two kinds—Nihilists who had nothing in their head and Nihilists who had nothing in their pocket; and, he added, that when members of the latter class applied to him for pecuniary assistance, he was obliged to explain to them that he was not a socialist but only an advocate, like the Dolgoroukis of the time of the Empress Anne, for the introduction into Russia of constitutional government.

Count Hauke, chief (during its last days) of the Polish insurrection of 1863, described them as a lamentable set of men, impossible as associates, and not in any way to be trusted. "I would rather," he said, "lead into action twenty Polish gentlemen than a thousand of these rascals, for they would all betray me." Nihilists, anarchists, socialistic democrats, and red republicans had but little attraction for this unfortunate man, who had left the Russian army and joined the Polish insurrection

only to efface the stigma inflicted upon his family by the Emperor Nicholas in erecting a monument to the memory of General Hauke, Count Hauke's father, who, with other Polish generals, had endeavoured to stop at the outset the fatal rebellion of 1830, and had thereupon been killed by his own troops.

It has been said that, late in life, when his stormy career was drawing to an end, it occurred to Bakunin to start an insurrection in Italy. The incident had no historical importance, but it presents a certain psychological interest. The veteran revolutionist had come to the conclusion that it was wrong for a man to preach what he did not practise; and as he was always preaching anarchism, it behoved him, he thought, to practise anarchy. He had perverted the reason and inflamed the passions of a poor, devoted Italian peasant, who, recognising Bakunin as a superior force, felt attracted and dominated by his power. The chosen scene of action was a forest near Bologna—not that Bologna was worse governed than any other part of Italy, but because Bakunin happened to be living there at the time. Always short of money, this revolutionist by temperament and taste had never any difficulty in getting together enough funds for the purchase of arms. The peasant whom he had influenced and impressed found other peasants to work with him; and the little band was duly furnished by the arch-conspirator with

weapons. Then, sad to relate, the authorities got wind of the affair. The peasants had apparently not realised the fact that their armed rising would bring them face to face with the police, and when this great truth at last came home to them they took fright, buried or otherwise concealed their arms, and, to save their leader from arrest, put him, in spite of himself, into a hay-cart, covered him with hay, and drove him, undetected, into the city of Bologna.

This ignominious failure could not but have a very depressing effect on the spirits of the old anarchist. At Prague he had held his ground. At Dresden he had refused the king's pardon because it was offered to him on condition that he should ask for it. At St. Petersburg the Emperor Nicholas had treated him as a sort of power, and before finally condemning him had called upon him to explain his political and Panslavonian motives in espousing the cause of the Czechs of Prague against the German government of Austria. And now to be saved from the consequences of his own folly by the very peasants whom he had vainly called upon to follow him! It was indeed humiliating.

Readers of Turguénéff's "Virgin Soil" must have already been struck by the typical resemblance presented by Bakunin's final attempt at revolution to the abortive appeal to the peasants made by the Russian student in the principal

chapter of that admirable book. Bakunin's adventure in the neighbourhood of Bologna occurred some time after the publication of "Virgin Soil," or one might have thought that Turguénéff had heard of his old friend's escapade and made literary use of it. The Russian peasants, it will be remembered (in "Virgin Soil"), make their would-be liberator dead-drunk, and then sell his inanimate body to his revolutionary friends, who drive it away in a cart. Bakunin's case was not quite so bad as that. The Italian peasants liked him and saved him as best they could, though some of them must have felt a certain contempt for a man who had led them into a very dangerous pass in which, if they had persisted, they must have come to hopeless grief.

In his second endeavour to carry out the sometimes salutary maxim of "practise what you preach," Bakunin enjoyed the co-operation of the Russian writer and revolutionist known as Stepniak; much esteemed by his friends in London, described in Russian newspapers as "the assassin of General Mezentseff," and collaborator in any case with Bakunin, in a silly but shameful attempt at insurrection in the neighbourhood of Benevento. This, like the previous enterprise, was undertaken more as an act of virtue than as a mere political operation, and must not by lovers of revolution in the abstract be too seriously condemned. Stepniak, moreover, had fallen beneath

the influence of Bakunin, which he was evidently powerless to withstand.

Bakunin was himself, to some extent, an impressionable man. Thus, while suffering the cruellest treatment at the hands of the Emperor Nicholas, he could not help being affected by his strength of will. But all Bakunin's personal associates had to give way before him, and we have seen Herzen and Ogareff adopting and spreading his views, even when, in their secret hearts, they disapproved of them. Stepniak succumbed to him at once, and took part, at his dictation, in an undertaking no less iniquitous (as it seems to me) because altogether impracticable.

One simple-minded Italian peasant remained devoted to Bakunin even to the last, following him wherever he went, and, while venerating him as a sort of god, pitying him as a poor suffering man. Bakunin, with his wild enthusiasm, his passionate fanaticism, his kindly manner, had convinced this unhappy rustic, if no one else, that the object of his agitated, tormented existence was the good of humanity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REBELS, RAIDERS, REVOLUTIONISTS, AND REFUGEES.

A Rebel in Retirement—Refugees and Exiles: a Distinction—The Hungarian Generals, Kmeti and Eber—Gallenga—Illusion Concerning the Scots—A Red Shirt Conspiracy, and How it Failed—Alexander Herzen and his Nihilist *Protégés*—Iskander Khan—and Sir John Kaye—Iskander Khan's Vocation—A Worldwide Superstition—Tcherniaieff—General Roddey and General Ripley—Dan O'Connell.

THE mildest rebel I ever knew was an Irish gentleman named Macdermott, who had been out in the “cabbage-garden” insurrection of 1848, and after its collapse hurried to London, where he concealed himself in the houses of various hospitable friends during the day-time, and in the evening at Vauxhall Gardens and Cremorne. The more surely to escape observation he grew a moustache, which in the year 1848 was seldom worn. This dark, melancholy, romantic, Byronic-looking young man had a good time in London, but was obliged at last to go back to Dublin, where he had quite recently been called to the bar and had practice in view.

Some years later I made the acquaintance, at Cracow, of Smith O'Brien, a sour, disappointed man, as in the circumstances he well might be. He told me that the Poles, hearing that he had several sons, had asked him to “give” them one for the insurrection of 1863. This he declined—

probably in order to save his sons the trouble of doing so for him. He did not seem to me the man for plots, stratagems, and action in the field ; he had not the revolutionary temperament. How different from Bakunin, who, after being sentenced to death, after being imprisoned for three years at Olmütz, for six years in the St. Petersburg fortress, and after passing six years in Eastern Siberia, turned up cheerful in London, anxious only for fresh battlefields and new insurrections !

Bakunin's fellow-countryman, General Tcher-naieff, was less a rebel than a raider. He was a chief of raiders and of rebels in Servia, but first made his name, as every one knows, in the ranks of the Russian army.

Political refugees in England dignify themselves with the name of "exile," though an exile is a man who has been banished from his native land, not one who has voluntarily left it to seek safety elsewhere. The only exiles, in the proper sense of the word, that we have ever known in England, are the offenders shipped from time to time to our shores from the Channel Islands. Ovid, in the land now known as Roumania, was an exile. But Mazzini, in London, was not. Call them what you please, their lot is a sad one.

We English should be less eager to encourage the disaffected of other nations to rise in arms against their rulers, legitimate or illegitimate,

if we reflected a little on the misery that inevitably awaits the unsuccessful insurgent.

The Hungarian, General Kmeti, was once speaking to me on this subject. "There are so few of them," he said, "who can do anything to earn a living. They fall into distress, then take to drinking—after which, their distress becomes worse and the drinking also."

Kmeti himself was in the Turkish service during the Crimean War, and took part in the defence of Kars. Fortunately for himself, he was a fine pianist—the easier sonatas of Beethoven he played admirably—and he had at one time a good connection as pianoforte teacher. During the last years of his life he had to go every winter to Torquay, where he found, he said, the climate of Latakia. One winter, however, the climate he found at his favourite Torquay was that of Archangel. Then he took a chill and died.

An intimate friend and fellow-countryman of General Kmeti's, General Eber, possessed a literary faculty, and at various periods of his career contributed to the *Times*. He had studied languages, political history and law at the Diplomatic College of Vienna. But in 1848, abandoning all thought of diplomacy, he threw in his lot with the national Hungarian party, with the Hungarian nation in arms, that is to say. He was very much before the world in 1859, for he commanded a brigade under Garibaldi, and

described its performances in letters to the *Times*. Like Cæsar, he wrote his own commentaries, speaking of himself, like Cæsar, in the third person. After the restoration of the Hungarian Constitution and the publication of the amnesty to political offenders, he went to Vienna as *Times*' correspondent, nor could any one have better filled the post. Like Kmeti, he was an excellent musician. He told me, not long before his unhappy death, that he had lost all facility as a pianist, but made a point of reading all important new music brought out.

Gallenga, before he got engaged on the *Times* through the Italian war (in which he was attached to the not too enterprising corps commanded by Prince Napoleon), supported himself by giving Italian lessons. This kind of employment was scarcely open to natives of Hungary, Poland, and Russia. I remember, however, once meeting at Edinburgh a Polish gentleman who taught French with success. He explained his presence in Scotland by saying that having suffered persecution himself, he felt for the persecution undergone by others. He mistook the Scots for an oppressed nationality!

The refugee has his comic side and even his bad side. His political convictions are often only an excuse for laziness. I remember an Italian revolutionary Colonel, who caused much pain to a kind-hearted lady by constantly wearing the same red shirt. She resolved—since he would

not change it—to obtain possession of it while the hero slept, and then wash it, iron it, and put it gently back with the rest of his clothes discarded for the night. A boiler was heated; so, too, was an iron, and in the small hours a faithful maid-servant went into the patriot's room to seize his shirt of stained and dingy scarlet. She returned with a look of dismay, and whispered to her anxiously expectant mistress: "Lor, mum, he's a-sleepin' in it!"

Russian Nihilists seeking refuge in London used to go to Alexander Herzen, who generally found employment for them in his Russian printing office. He had at one time a Colonel of the Imperial Guard working as a compositor. I have no doubt but that the military type-setter was well paid. Herzen was a generous man, and had abundant private means. He called his paper the *Bell*, and he had himself a voice like a bell, musical and sonorous.

Until the arch-revolutionist, Bakunin, after his escape from Siberia, came to London, Herzen advocated in his journal salutary reforms, all of which were in due time introduced—including, in particular, emancipation of the serfs and the introduction of oral evidence, the employment of counsel and trial by jury in judicial proceedings. But Bakunin revolutionised his friend's paper, and turned a useful publication into a most injurious one.

I never consciously knew any refugee con-

spirators—those odious persons who, living in safety and often in luxury themselves, try to create troubles in the country they have left, and often, as the result of misplaced energy, bring about great misfortunes. Bakunin, it may be said, was a conspirator ; so, in a certain way, he was. But he was also a brave man, and he went into no conspiracy without risking his own life.

The worst of it is that populations which do not rise are looked upon as contented. Let them, on the other hand, take up arms and something is almost sure to be done for them. See the case of the Greeks, of the Italians, of the Slavonians of Turkey. The Poles believed in 1863 that something would be done for them, especially by Napoleon III. ; nor did that sovereign willingly deceive them. But he could not intervene alone, and he tried in vain to drag Great Britain and Austria into an alliance against Russia.

England, some thirty years ago, gave hospitality, officially, though only on a modest scale, to Iskander Khan, nephew of Shere Ali and son of Sultan Ahmed Khan of Herat. After his father's insurrection against Shere Ali he was made prisoner and carried off to Cabul, whence, finding his position unsafe, he made his way to Bokhara, and from Bokhara passed to Turkestan and Russia, where he was well received and attached, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to the Hussars of the Guard.

During his residence in Russia Iskander Khan studied military affairs with great attention, and acquired both the Russian and the French languages. After a time he desired to return to Afghanistan, and without any endeavour being made to dissuade him, was recommended to take the route of Central Asia. He was anxious, however, to visit England, and after resigning his commission in the Russian army, arrived in this country in 1871. From England he intended to proceed by way of India to Afghanistan. But Shere Ali, after being sounded on the subject through the proper channels, let it be understood that domestic peace would be best secured by Iskander Khan's abstaining from making his reappearance at Cabul.

During his residence in England he studied Indian affairs very assiduously, and made himself well acquainted with the contents of several of our best works on Indian subjects, including in particular Sir John Kaye's "History of the Afghan War," which excited his admiration by its high tone of impartiality and by the justice which the author renders to the military qualities of the Afghans. Nor did Iskander Khan neglect his military studies during his stay in England. He had witnessed in Berlin in 1871 the entry of the German army on its return from the campaign in France; and he afterwards attended our autumn manœuvres,

visited Aldershot, and went over several army factories and arsenals.

Iskander Khan soon accustomed himself to English life, and he took much pleasure in our acting and our plays. When he first expressed a wish to go to the theatre, Sir John Kaye (of the India Office) said to the functionary under whose care he had been placed: "Take him at half-price to *Bluebeard*. Let him see Orientals made ridiculous."

Sir John Kaye had himself written a burlesque on *Bluebeard*, which I once saw at a private entertainment; and he apparently thought that some version of the famous tale was constantly being played. The half-price in which he still believed had long been done away with.

The end of it was that Iskander Khan went to see Charles Mathews in *My Awful Dad*, and was much delighted with the piece, and with Charles Mathews's admirable impersonation of the leading character—the "Dad" who is so awful.

Apart from theatres, Iskander Khan, during his residence in England, acquired a taste for European music. The same thing has occurred in the case of many other Oriental friends of mine, though I never met with an Englishman who had learned to like the unharmonised music of the East, with its curious unfamiliar intervals, including quarter tones and perhaps still smaller divisions.

Iskander Khan introduced me one evening to a Persian historiographer who had been commissioned by the Shah to write a history of the Franco-German war. Beginning, I suppose, at the creation of the world, he had at that time got only as far as the origin of the Germans and the Gauls. He was evidently working on a salary.

The Afghan Prince had been invited, he told me, to join the Board of a Limited Liability Company. It was thought, no doubt, that his title would look well in the prospectus. He seemed pleased by the compliment, but declined the honour. Only two vocations, he assured me, were permitted to him by his birth—those of poet and of warrior.

I met some time afterwards an Indian Mahometan who had seriously adopted the poetical vocation and made no secret of it. At an afternoon party, as he offered some cakes to a lady, I heard him say : “Sweets to the sweet!” Then, with an apologetic bow, he added, “Pardon me, madam ; I am a poet!”

Iskander Khan held strong views about Mahometanism and the impossibility of converting any respectable Mahometan to Christianity. He was no bigot, he said, but, out of respect for his family and for ancient traditions, he would never abandon the faith in which he had been brought up ; nor would any man of good family nor any man of decent conduct

—only the vilest persons, who would adopt Christianity or any other religion on being paid for it, but not otherwise.

“Why,” he asked, “did we care to have such converts?”

While on the subject of religion, I asked him whether they had any tradition in Afghanistan as to the Afghans being the descendants of the lost tribes. “Yes,” he said, “the tradition undoubtedly existed, but he for one did not believe in it, chiefly because the Afghans hated the Jews, which would scarcely be the case if they were of the same blood.”

Asked why the Afghans hated the Jews, he said it was because they avoided military service and went about the country as pedlars.

“Besides,” he said, “they have a most objectionable custom. Every year, at their principal festival, they kill an Afghan child in order to use its blood at the Passover ceremonies.” I told him that a similar belief was entertained in some Christian countries, but only, at the present time, in the more ignorant parts of Eastern Europe.

What I did not tell him was that he himself had a Hebrew cast of countenance, and certainly a Jewish nose.

Tcherniaeff was remarkably simple and straightforward, and he told me of his own accord that the Servians, in 1876, carried

arms which had been given to them by the Russians in 1863.

I mentioned this some time afterwards to a friend of mine who was a member of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg.

“How strange,” he said, “that Tchernaeff should have told you! But he is quite right. The bills of lading were brought to us at St. Petersburg by an official in the Ministry of War, and we wrote a despatch on the subject.”

About a year afterwards Mr. Evelyn Ashley’s “Life of Lord Palmerston” appeared, and in that work, among many other documents and despatches, which must have caused repeated shocks to the clerks in the Foreign Office, I found a letter from Lord Palmerston to Baron Brunnow, dated 1863, in which the British Prime Minister reproached the Russian Government, and especially Prince Gortschakoff, with arming the Servians and inciting them to rise against their Turkish suzerain.

General Tchernaeff spoke freely, moreover, on the subject of the Bulgarian insurrection, prepared by Bulgarian patriots, organised in bands under the leadership of Bulgarian officers who had served in the Russian army, and under the auspices of the Slavonian Committees of Moscow and St. Petersburg. He himself, he said, carried to Servia arms for distribution among the Bulgarians on the Servian frontier;

but the villagers had been terrified by the news of the massacres, and refused to take them.

During his brief stay in London Tcherniaieff was much troubled by questions of dress. Archibald Forbes, who had chronicled with his usual brilliancy the General's exploits in the Turco-Servian war, asked some friends to meet him at dinner at the Arts Club. The readiness with which Englishmen slip into evening clothes is well known, and the guest of the evening was the only person present in morning dress. He whispered to me his regret, and doubtless apologised to his host; and he afterwards asked whether it was really the rule at an entertainment where men alone were to be present for everyone to dress. I replied that it was; and so it is. But only, of course, at evening entertainments. People do not go out to breakfast in evening clothes. That, however, is what, the very next morning, Tcherniaieff did.

He was very simple in his habits, and, at the same time, very princely; for he carried no money. All his current expenses were paid by a travelling companion, the son of a rich Moscow merchant, who from enthusiasm had gone with him to Servia, and who showed me the small revolver he had carried, not with a view to shooting Turks, but in order to blow his own brains out in case of capture.

General Roddey, of the Confederate Army, was the mildest-mannered, kindest-hearted man

one could possibly meet. Unlike another Southern commander well known in London, General Ripley, he was a very abstemious man. Ripley would drink a bottle of brandy before dinner without being affected by it, in order to give himself an appetite. Roddey scarcely touched spirits, and was very moderate in the use of wine.

Roddey never troubled himself about military affairs when the American Civil War had once been brought to an end. But the defender of Charleston was always on the lookout for a good fighting job, and while many other American generals were offering their services for the defence of Paris, General Ripley was invited to undertake it. After going carefully over the place his report was that the works were good, but the men bad. They were slovenly, he said, and did not salute their officers. He would, therefore, have nothing to do with them.

At the end of the Civil War, when the defeat was complete, when all was lost, Roddey (as a comrade of his informed me) reported himself to a Northern general whom he had known intimately before the war.

“Roddey, you bloody rebel!” cried the Northerner, “what do *you* want?”

Then, softening his tone as he gazed upon his old friend, dejected and sad, he added, in a gentle voice, “I’ll do anything in the world for you!”

Presented in its proper place, in one of the scenes of a drama, this surrender of General Roddey might be made highly effective. The sudden change of tone in the Northern general's voice would be truly dramatic.

Was Daniel O'Connell a revolutionist? Certainly not, for he endeavoured to gain his lawful ends by peaceful, constitutional means. As he was still more certainly neither a rebel, a raider, nor a refugee, it is difficult to see what business his name has in this chapter. But there is no other place for him. I cannot write a special chapter on orators; I have heard so few; Gladstone only once, at St. James's Hall, in 1877, on the necessity of not going to war with Russia on behalf of Turkey; Lord Beaconsfield never.

The late Sir Charles Hallé tells us, in his interesting "Memoirs," that four well-known French orators—Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Odilon Barrot, and Salvandy—heard at his house in Paris the great dramatic singer named Delsarte; and that each of them on taking leave, said to the distinguished vocalist: "*Monsieur, vous êtes un grand orateur!*"

"Nothing, in their opinion, can go beyond that," said Delsarte to Hallé.

But the two most celebrated of all orators are known to have written their speeches; and, whereas it is a compliment to an orator to say

that his speech possesses literary merit, it is no compliment to a writer to say that his style is oratorical.

Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Odilon Barrot, and Salvandy might, all the same, have said with the greatest truth to O'Connell: “*Monsieur, vous êtes un grand orateur !*”

I had never heard public speaking of any kind before; and I never heard such admirable public speaking of any kind afterwards.

It was in the last year of his life, and the occasion was a temperance meeting. It was held at Exeter Hall, in the Strand; and I went in merely because I happened to be passing by. I had, of course, heard a great deal about O'Connell, and I wanted to see for myself what manner of man he was.

He was, turn by turn, impressive, touching, humorous, powerfully eloquent; and whatever his mood might be, the audience was always affected by it.

When the meeting was drawing to an end O'Connell, who filled the chair, was asked, summoned, almost ordered, to take the pledge, which he declined to do. He was very good-humoured about it, but absolutely refused to sign. This provoked, on the part of the temperance people, a most intemperate demonstration.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLUB CONVIVIALITIES.

Freedom of Speech—How Thackeray was once thought too familiar
—Four Convivial Clubmen: Douglas Jerrold, Charles Kenney,
James Hannay, Dr. Richardson.

MEN used in those days to say things to one another that would not be tolerated now. There was more conviviality, more tavern life, more clubs of the kind introduced in “Pendennis” and in Robertson’s “Society,” and fewer of the Pall Mall and St. James’s Street order, where members do not speak to one another unless they have been personally introduced or happen to know one another at home.

At the various “Owls’ Nests” everyone spoke to everyone else, and a new member or casual visitor was pretty sure to be spoken to in a tone of playful badinage or “chaff.” Mr. Frith, in his interesting memoirs, complains that in some such club Thackeray (even Thackeray!) suddenly without previous acquaintance addressed him in the most familiar style, calling him “My young Academician” (he had just been elected an Associate), and urging him in a bantering tone to do something towards the amusement of the company. Mr. Frith must have resented bitterly the freedom justified by the custom of the place or he would not have recorded it so many years

afterwards. He was apparently too sensitive for the tobacco-impregnated, slightly alcoholic atmosphere of the convivial club.

The sort of wit that proved most effective at these assemblies was of the personal kind, and it was thought none the worse if, besides being sudden, it was aggressive even to the point of being slightly offensive.

There is nothing very witty in saying of a dull man that he is "like a cedar pencil, lead throughout." But to say such a thing, as Jerrold once did, to a man's face was to cause considerable amusement to his friends.

"That is indeed a beautiful melody," said someone of a song under discussion, "it quite carries me away!" "Does it indeed!" exclaimed Jerrold; "I wish someone here would whistle it."

"Have you read my *Descent into Hell?*?" asked Heraud. "No; but I should like to see it," replied Jerrold.

Thackeray, with a short nose and a broken one, said, in presence of Jerrold, that in the days of Papal Aggression someone had tried to Romanise him. "They should have begun with your nose," observed Jerrold.

Audacity, indeed, counted for much in those witticisms *ad hominem*. I was present once at a dinner where among the guests was a gentleman who had just returned from what is vaguely called "The East," and who, in narrating some of his experiences in the Balkan Peninsula, spoke

of the women of one particular country as very agreeable, and, as he thought, much maligned in regard to their morality.

“ You probably derive that belief from your own personal relations with them,” observed Charles Kenney. “ But the inference is a rash one. There is a point of depravity to which, even in Eastern Europe, women do not sink.”

This was the same Charles Kenney who reviewed Thackeray’s “ Kickleburys on the Rhine” in the *Times*, and to whom are due the following aphorisms:—

“ Poetry is said to be a gift; but it sometimes turns out to be a theft.”

“ All mankind are brothers: Cains and Abels.”

He was at one time secretary to Lesseps, and much interested, therefore, in the Suez Canal. “ Strange,” said Oxenford, when he heard of the appointment; “ Charley has been in hot water all his life; and he is now standing on an isthmus!”

It was at a sort of subscription dinner that, after Colonel Addison had declared himself to be a lineal descendant of the *Spectator* Addison, James Hannay replied:

“ Addison had but one child—a daughter of weak intellect, which gives a look of probability to your statement. But she died before attaining the age of puberty, which proves it to be a lie.”

Hannay’s onslaught upon Colonel Addison went quite beyond the bounds of badinage, and

reached those of invective, relieved by humour of a somewhat ferocious kind. Accordingly it provoked indignation, and but for immediate intervention would have led to blows.

Apart from clubs, there were certain taverns frequented nightly by the same set, where a stranger could scarcely show himself without being attacked in more or less jocular fashion. One night, after the theatre, I had gone into a place of the kind for supper, when in walked a quiet-looking young man, who had the misfortune to attract the attention of Dr. Richardson, past-master in conviviality and the art of chaff.

The Doctor was in orders, but he derived his title from a law degree. He had formerly (I was told), under Barnes, contributed much to the *Times*, and still did odd jobs for that journal. I once read a book of his which was interesting and well written, but full of the most familiar Latin quotations: “*Rusticus expectat*,” “*Fucilis descensus*,” “*Timeo Danaos*,” “*Infandum, regina*,” “*Nil habet infelix*,” “*Homo sum*,” “*Solve senescentem*,” “*Est modus in rebus*,” “*Donec eris felix*,” “*Solitudinem faciunt*,” “*Cantabit vacuus*,” and so on. Not one of them was omitted.

“Here,” said the Doctor in his most genial manner, “comes the student, pale with thought! Is he meditating a sonnet to his mistress’ eyebrow, or preparing some scheme for obtaining supper on credit? Come, young man, do some-

thing to entertain the company! Sing a song, make a speech, recite a poem, or, if you are equal to nothing nobler, stand on your head, and describe with your legs an isosceles triangle."

The young man made some remark about the incompleteness of a triangle described in the manner proposed; but, not responding in any spirit of pleasantry, was afterwards left in peace.

Dr. Richardson, in the work to which I have referred (two volumes of "Recollections"), says that at all the literary clubs of his time the members occupied themselves, not with literature, but with personal chaff. At one of them each newly received member was required to give an account of himself, to say why he supposed he had been elected, and to explain of what advantage his membership would be to the club. It being assumed that the statement made by the new member would not be very intelligible, his speech was interpreted—that is to say, ingeniously misinterpreted—by an orator appointed for the purpose, who did his best to turn the new member into ridicule.

To shine at these assemblies quickness of repartee, quite as much as brilliancy, was needed. Douglas Jerrold excelled in the wit of conversation; and if he ever met his match (which he rarely did) the dialogue was like a scene from one of his comedies, in which too often the characters talk wittily only for the sake of witty talk.

I once saw a man completely shut up by a totally unexpected thrust from another man, with whom he had engaged in a contest of chaff.

The victim, who had a slightly Israelitish cast of countenance, which I had never before noticed, but of which he himself was evidently conscious, had made use of the word “esoteric”—less familiar then than it is now.

“I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word,” said his antagonist.

It was only a quotation from Shakespeare; but the bolt struck home, and its recipient collapsed.

Such strange freedom of speech was due, no doubt, in a great measure to conviviality and the habit of supping together at taverns; to the late hour at which in those days the theatre finished, and the early hour at which it began—supper being thus rendered a desirable, not to say necessary, meal. The most important piece, it must be remembered, was played first; and once in a theatre (unless the entertainment is very poor indeed) people like to remain until the end. Accordingly, the Haymarket was full of supper-houses, which abounded also in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. They remained open nominally until one, and practically much later. No orders could be taken after one o'clock; but they could be given until that critical hour on a large scale, and customers were allowed time to eat and drink what had once been placed before them.

CHAPTER XX.

IN PRAISE OF AMATEURS.

Amateurs and Lunatics—Lunacy and Love—The Play in Prisons—The Status of the Amateur—How he may Act as a Leaven—“Respectability” as an Aid to Virtue—Musical Amateurs—Amateurs of Note—Frederick Clay.

OUR principal dramatic clubs—the Irving, the Kendal, the Anomalies, and others—render unquestionable services in one respect; they give performances at fixed intervals for the solace and diversion of the inmates of lunatic asylums. The great religious argument against dramatic representations, the argument put forth by Bossuet, in his “*Lettre sur les Spectacles*,” is that they aim “at driving away that gloom which forms the greater part of human life, and which can only effectually be dispelled by meditation and prayer.” One of Bossuet’s minor arguments against stage plays is that they deal with “the dangerous passion of love;” and when an unhappy priest who had ventured to praise the drama (without ever having been to a theatre), replied to the condemnation of his bishop, that there were “some plays in which there was no question of love,” the Eagle of Meaux, with a lighter flight than he was accustomed to, closed the discussion by saying: “Then they must be exceeding dull.”

The lunatic, I am assured, is not dangerously impressed by the passion of love as represented on the stage. The love passages make him laugh. It is apparently only the sound in mind who take them seriously. But the poor man is really diverted from his habitual gloom by bright representations of an outside life, an outside world ; and thus the play-cure has become a recognised form of treatment in mental maladies. In ministering to a mind diseased, the modern physician throws medicine to the dogs, and prescribes a dramatic performance once a fortnight ; or once a week if the institution can afford it.

The play, too, is an excellent thing for criminals, especially when they get it up themselves. In Dostoievsky's very interesting account of his imprisonment in Siberia, we are told of the joys of Christmas day, when discipline is relaxed and the prisoners are allowed to receive the presents of all kinds which are sent in to them by the people of the neighbouring town ; also of the still greater joys succeeding Christmas day, when the preparations are begun for the theatrical representations which, after some three or four weeks' rehearsals, will be given by the leading criminals. Some paint the scenery, others concoct the play, the dresses are made by tailors under sentence, and the stage-manager, who has so many years to do, casts the piece according to the talents, proved or suspected, of the candidates for principal parts.

The rehearsals begin, and on the night of the performance, the governor of the town, with his wife and family, his aides-de-camp, and his secretaries, occupy the principal places in a hall fitted up as a theatre. The mayor and the local officials also attend, while the functionaries of the prison are present in great force.

These performances are said to have an excellent effect on the conduct of the prisoners. They go through their appointed duties for some time afterwards with remarkable good will, and no complaints of any kind have to be made. The play has humanised them. We hear much about the severity of the Russian prison system. Its chief point of difference, as compared with the prison systems of Western Europe, lies in the provision it makes for the entertainment of prisoners by means of dramatic performances, in which they themselves take part. Bossuet was quite right in speaking of the drama as a dispeller of gloom; and, resorted to from time to time, it is more effectual than the great prelate believed.

All who are interested in painting, literature, or music, must at times have had their attention drawn to the question of amateurs, hated in many cases by the so-called "professionals"—"professional hacks," as the enlightened amateur, who pursues his art with enthusiasm, would often be justified in calling them. Actors cannot abide amateurs, which is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as most of our leading actors were

amateurs first, and only became professional actors afterwards. An amateur actor of good means will often accept an engagement on reduced terms, when he is accused by the professionals of "taking the bread out of their mouths." But if he stipulated for full terms, he would have no chance of perfecting himself in the art of acting. When, according to his capacities, he has done this, he accepts reduced terms no longer.

Actors must surely recognise the fact that the influx of amateurs into the profession has given it a certain dignity and respectability in which it was at one time thought wanting. "Montrevor is not much of an actor, is he?" I said one day to a manager of my acquaintance.

"He is not much of an actor," replied my friend, "but he is very much a gentleman. He is always well dressed, always polite, always punctual; never takes liberties with anyone and never allows anyone to take liberties with him. It is a pleasure to have such a man at the theatre, and if he acted worse than he does—and I've seen worse actors even than Montrevor—I would pay him his salary with pleasure all the same."

I should not like to see *The School for Scandal* played with a Montrevor in every male part. But just a few of them can do no harm to a company; and they may even do good.

Then look at the amateur actresses who go on the stage without losing their social position off

the stage—how much they have done to raise the character of the profession which, recruited solely from within itself, would always have been a little looked down upon. Actresses have been supplied with a new motive for wishing to be “respectable.” They like being received in society, and society likes them to order their conduct as much as possible in accordance with its rules.

“What you tell me is impossible, my dear,” I once heard a lady of fashion say to a female friend, in reference to an interesting young actress. “She would not do such a thing—she visits at my house.”

It was droll reasoning, but there was a substratum of sense in the argument. The young woman might possibly be a little flighty, but was it likely that she would do anything which might exclude her from afternoon receptions?

The amateur actors and actresses who form companies and give performances for which tickets are sold, expose themselves openly to the taking-bread-out-of-mouth charge; and to please the profession, the theatrical papers revile them. The profession cannot or will not see that the greater the number of amateurs surrounding an art, the more flourishing that art must be. I can remember the time when there were no amateur companies, and when an amateur performance, given by stage-struck incapables brought together from all sides, was attended only with

a view to derision. But that was about the darkest period of the English drama. The present period is one of its brightest, and that is why we have so many amateurs and so many well-established, fully recognised amateur companies.

Shirley Brooks once told me of a conversation he had had with one of the Blackwoods on the subject of amateurs in literature. Mr. Blackwood had said that for contributions to his famous magazine he depended chiefly upon amateurs; meaning, no doubt, men who had seen something, experienced something, and had, therefore, something to say, as distinguished from men who wrote because it was "their nature to."

"But if the amateur writer writes with success," replied Shirley Brooks, "he goes on writing, becomes an habitual writer, and thus makes writing his profession."

In like manner the amateur actor drops into an engagement, gets as high a salary as the manager will give him, and soon develops a thoroughly professional objection to having "the bread taken out of *his* mouth" by amateurs whose talent has not yet been recognised.

There is one admirable thing about the amateur actor—he does not, cannot give himself airs. As actor, he is avowedly the inferior of the professional, and never dreams of claiming to take rank beside him.

Not so the amateur vocalist or pianist, who is always a member of the unfair sex. She

classes herself above the professional, and when she condescends to appear in public, causes herself to be described as "amateur," so that it may be quite understood that she does not do her strumming or her shrieking with a view to personal gain. "You need not put that in the bill," said a young lady of my acquaintance—an accomplished musical artist—to an amateur who proclaimed herself as such in the programme; "people will find it out for themselves."

The musical amateur does not, of course, accept a fee. She has been known, however, to charge her hotel expenses and the expenses of her maid, and even the cost of a new evening dress. But she is not a "professional." Far from it!

There are many excellent associations of amateur musicians to which men alone belong—orchestral societies for the most part, and invaluable choirs of amateurs, male and female, without which our great oratorio performances could not be given. But except at their own concerts, male amateurs do not appear in public. Yes, I can remember one—Jules Soria, who for six months in the year sold wine at Bordeaux, and during the other six months sang lyrical and dramatic ballads in various parts of Europe. Judging by analogy, his wine must have been pure and full of bouquet; for he sang with poetic feeling and never uttered a false note.

In creative art the amateur can hardly be

said to exist. He is a producer, successful or unsuccessful. If his book seems good enough, he sends it to a publisher. If his picture pleases him sufficiently, he tries to get it exhibited. If he has had the misfortune to compose an opera, he regrets his inability to secure its performance. There are, of course, men who say (or more probably their relations say it for them) that they are not "obliged" to write, paint, or compose. When Meyerbeer's mother made some such remark to Heine, "It would be as reasonable," Heine replied, "to say that a windmill is not obliged to turn. It turns if there is any wind; otherwise it remains still."

In poetry, every class of society has been represented, from Byron to Burns. This, however, has not been the case in pictorial or musical art. Great composers have usually been men of small means, and often of humble origin. This, at least, was the case until the nineteenth century, when the composition of music seems suddenly to have struck the imagination of the high financial classes, as represented by Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer in Germany, by Franchetti in Italy, by Erlanger in France. With such names as Heine and Disraeli before us, one cannot say that the Jews have done nothing in the nineteenth century for literature. They have not done much in the way of painting, but they have distinguished themselves greatly in connection with musical composition,

especially the rich Jews, supposed by many to be devoted only to the acquisition of filthy lucre.

A few well-to-do amateurs, moreover, of English race might be mentioned who have made music the occupation of their hearts, if not of their lives. One is a Queen's Counsel, who says to everyone that he would rather be the composer of a great musical work than hold the office of Lord Chancellor. Another, the late Frederick Clay, left a good position in the Treasury in order to be able to give up his whole attention to music and musical composition. He might, one would have thought, have served both masters—the master and the mistress rather—without neglecting either; but such was not his view.

Clay, as his friend Burnand said of him in *Punch*, was of finer clay than mortals generally are made of. He came, poor fellow, to an untimely end. Struck with apoplexy after the first performance of one of his operas, he was carried home and placed under the care of a doctor, who tried upon his half-paralysed patient the effect of a milk diet. Then he passed into the hands of another doctor—a surgeon rather—Mr. Graham Bennett, an intimate friend of mine, who, finding him very weak, gave him for lunch and for dinner the meat and wine to which he had been accustomed. Thereupon he grew better. When I saw him for the first time, in the character of patient, he looked much as usual,

and he seemed to remember everything and everyone I mentioned to him. But he could not cut up his food, and spoke only in words of one syllable. I asked him which of Wagner's operas he liked best. He shook his head and remained silent. He cared for none of them. I asked him who his favourite composer was, naming several, when he interrupted me, exclaiming, "Don!" He meant, of course, the composer of *Don Giovanni*. Rossini, Gounod, Saint Saëns* would all have agreed with him.

The only word of two syllables which he uttered was "Pity!" when I asked him whether he could still read music—he had just before indicated to me that he was unable any longer to read a book.

His memory had been strangely affected. The case would have puzzled the ingenious M. Ribot, author of "Maladies de la Mémoire," "Maladies de la Personalité," etc. What he had forgotten he knew that he had forgotten, and he felt his inability to read musical characters as a dire calamity. Another thing still more strange! Although he was unable to read a book he could learn his letters anew, and the wife of his medical attendant, an amiable and charming woman, taught them to him, so that at last, under her careful tuition, he could read

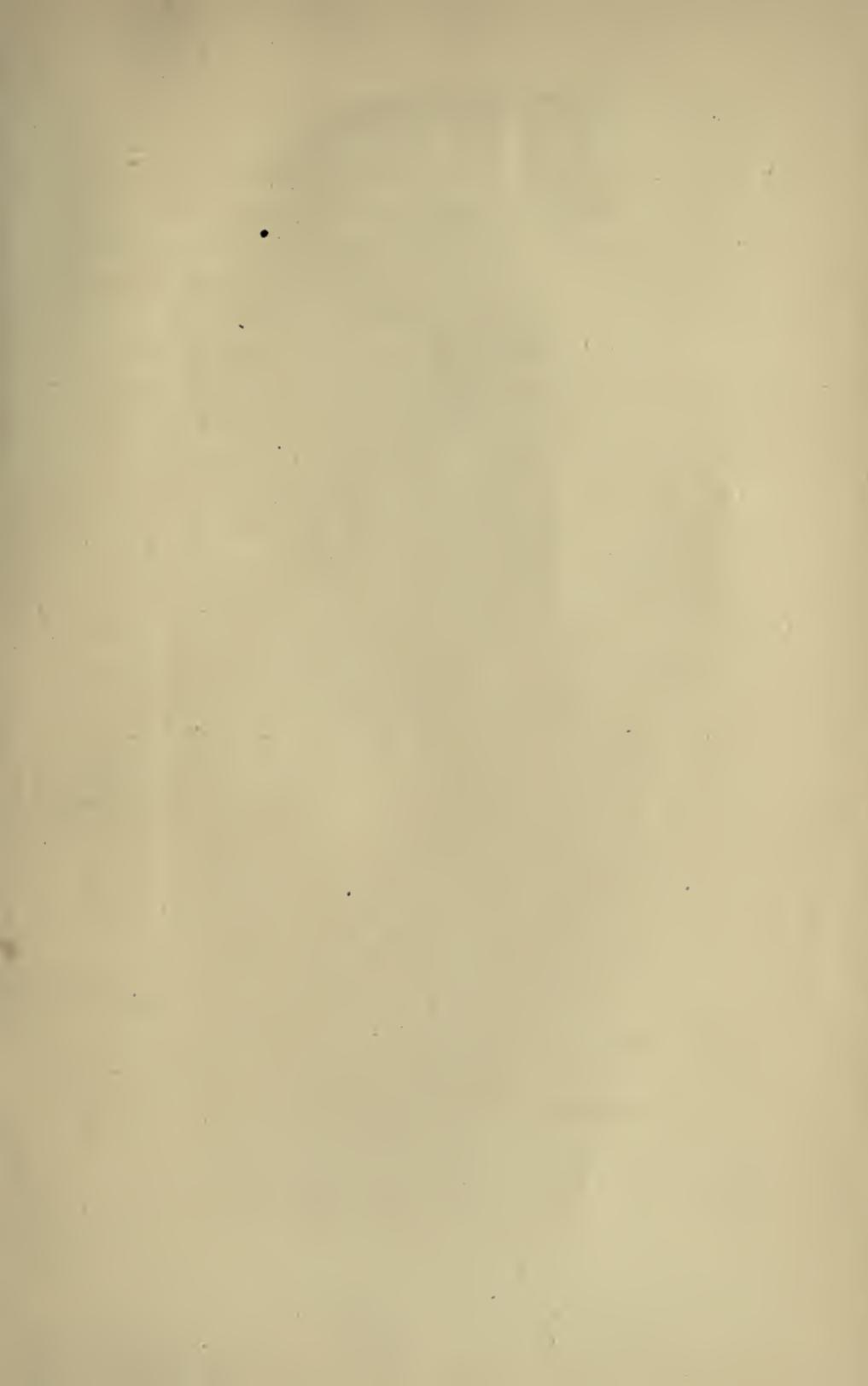
* See Ferdinand Hiller's "Conversations with Rossini," Gounod's "Essay on *Don Juan*," and Saint Saëns' "Remarks on Gounod's 'Essay on *Don Juan*.'"

short sentences. He seemed vexed one day when, being suddenly shown into the room where he was taking his lesson, I found him engaged in these infantile studies, though I, of course, affected to take no note of what had been going on.

He had for some years previously had a considerable taste for sport—too much rather than too little; and superstitious sporting men used to call upon him and ask him for tips. They expected from him the sort of inspiration which Orientals look for in persons bereft of reason. But Frederick Clay was not bereft of reason. He had lost some special faculties, but his general understanding had not been impaired. What impressed the sporting men and made them marvel was the fact that he remembered the names of the winners of the Derby for an indefinite number of years back.

Frederick Clay grew better and better under the care of my friend. But he went to stay with some relations in the country, and I lost sight of him, and heard of him no more until suddenly I received news of his death.

All that survives of him is the recollection among his friends of a kind-hearted, clever, and very agreeable man, and two popular and very charming ballads, "She Wandered Down the Mountain-side" and "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby."



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